Paul Shorey
6516 Woodlawn Ave
Chicago

The Nation

VOL. XCIII.—NO. 2424 THURSDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1911 Reg. U. S. Pat. Office. PRICE TEN CENTS

Good Christmas Gifts for Men Who Are Interested in

MODERN SOCIAL AND ECONOMIC LIFE

Social Forces in American History

By A. M. SIMONS *Cloth*, $1.50 *net, by mail* $1.62.

"It is a book which shines into the dark of the past like a searchlight. At every page one wonders, Why did I not know this before? It is a book for every student of social, political, and economic conditions, for every reader whose mind thrills to the impact of new knowledge, for all men and women who desire to know the true history of their native country."—*Chicago Evening Post.*

"Clear, stimulating, . . . well worth reading."

The Tariff in Our Times

By Miss IDA M. TARBELL *Cloth*, $1.50 *net, by mail* $1.62.

"Its merit—and a very considerable merit it is—lies in the entertaining character of the narrative. The pages bristle with personal allusions; the dry bones in the valley of our economic past have been clothed with flesh and blood. . . . Miss Tarbell's motive is always sincere, her zeal always unaffected and her search for facts always indefatigable."—*The Nation.*

"Its keen analysis and merciless truth-telling make it the most important book in years."

Social Reform and the Constitution

By FRANK J. GOODNOW *Cloth*, $1.50 *net, by mail* $1.63.

"The most thoughtful and penetrating discussion of constitutional tendencies in this country that has appeared in many a day."—*The Nation.*

"Very timely, logically conceived, and lucidly written."

Making Both Ends Meet

By SUE AINSLIE CLARK and EDITH WYATT $1.50 *net, by mail* $1.62.

"Its clear, dispassionate lucidity in presenting the facts of the income and outlay of working women in New York City. Its spirit is constructive, and no one who is really interested in the vital questions of the day as related to women should fail to read this record."

"It will be for a long time the authoritative work in this field for both the practical worker and the economic student."

Increasing Human Efficiency in Business

By WALTER DILL SCOTT *Cloth*, $1.25 *net, by mail*, $1.36.

"The greatest power in the business world is the power to *influence men!* This book shows *practical* ways to increase that ability."

"It discusses imitation, competition, loyalty, concentration, wages, pleasure, the love of the game, and so forth."

Commission Government in American Cities

By ERNEST S. BRADFORD, Ph.D. *Cloth, leather back*, $1..25 *net.*

There has been nothing more interesting among recent developments in the field of municipal politics than the rapid spread of the Commission Form of city governmentt, of which this book is the first adequate, comprehensive account.

A new volume in The Citizen's Library of Economics, Politics, and Sociology. Edited by Richard T. Ely, Ph.D., LL.D.

Published by **THE MACMILLAN COMPANY** 64-66 Fifth Ave. N. Y.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Nation

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

FOUNDED IN 1865.

[Entered at the New York City Post Office as second-class mail matter.]

The Nation is published and owned by the New York Evening Post Co. Oswald Garrison Villard, President; William J. Pattison, Treasurer; Paul Elmer More, Editor.

Three dollars per year in advance, postpaid, in any part of the United States or Mexico; to Canada $3.50, *and to foreign countries comprised in the Postal Union* $4.00.

Address THE NATION, Box 794, New York. Publication Office, 20 Vesey Street.

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

THE WEEK 565

EDITORIAL ARTICLES:

The "Presidential Primary"..... 568
The Railway Securities Report 568
Canada and "Continentalism"..... 569
The Real Awkward Age..... 570
Forming Private Libraries..... 571

CORRESPONDENCE:

Greek at Oxford and in America..... 572
Government by Executive Dispensation 572
Compulsory Composition 573
A Straw Ballot..... 573
The Panama Canal 573
William Penn and John Toland..... 573

LITERATURE:

Gleanings from Fifty Years in China.—A Chinese Appeal to Christendom Concerning Christian Missions.—The Education of Women in China.—The Changing Chinese.—The Coming China.—China's Story in Myth, Legend, Art, and Annals..... 573
Jean-Christophe in Paris 575
The Beacon 575
Rose of Old Haspeth 576
John Temple 576
The Life of John Oliver Hobbes..... 576
Aspects of Religious Belief and Practice in Babylonia and Assyria 577
Martin Luther: The Man and His Work—The Life and Letters of Martin Luther 578
Venice and Venetia 578

NOTES 579

SCIENCE 582

DRAMA 582

MUSIC:

Musical Composition 583

ART:

The Present State of Art..... 584

FINANCE:

Wall Street and the Anti-Trust Litigation 588

BOOKS OF THE WEEK..... 589

* * * Copies of *The Nation* may be procured in Paris at Brentano's, 17 Avenue de l'Opéra; in London of B. F. Stevens & Brown, 4 Trafalgar Square, Charing Cross.

Educational

THE FISK TEACHERS' AGENCIES.
EVERETT O. FISK & CO., Proprietors.
2A Park Street, Boston 1416 F St., Washington
156 Fifth Av., New York 611 Swetland Bd., Portland
814 Steger Bd., Chicago 238 Douglas Bd., Los Angeles
920 Sav. Bk. Bd., Denver 2142 Shattuck Av., Berkeley
Send to any address above for Agency Manual.

ALBANY TEACHERS' AGENCY
Supplies schools of all grades with competent teachers. Assists teachers in obtaining positions. Send for Bulletin No. 20.
HARLAN P. FRENCH, 81 Chapel St., Albany, N.Y.

M. LE PASTEUR AND MADAME PAUL ROUSTAIN offer a good home in the Latin Quarter, 5 rue Léopold Robert, Paris, to a few students who wish to improve their French in a family of intellectual interests. Terms, 200 francs a month. American references given and requested. English understood.

EUROPEAN TRAVEL.
$850 . . . Six months' tour . . Feb.-Aug.
$540 . . . 3½ months' tour . . Apr.-Aug.
Choice route. Unique features. Small party. Correspondence requested. Address Capable, Nation.

JUST PUBLISHED
GOVERNMENT IN THE U.S.
By **James W. Garner,** Professor of Political Science, University of Illinois.
$1.00
Gives in an interesting way the leading facts concerning the organization and activities of national, State, and local government. The actual workings of the various systems are shown, and stress is laid throughout upon the practical problems of present-day civics.
AMERICAN BOOK COMPANY
New York Cincinnati Chicago

Principles of Rural Economics
By **Thomas Nixon Carver,** David A. Wells Professor of Political Economy, Harvard University.
$1.30
A valuable discussion of the agricultural problem, treating the subject from the standpoint of national welfare. The development of interest in agriculture that has of recent years become so evident has brought up questions of tremendous practical importance in rural life, and these questions are carefuly worked out in this text.
GINN AND COMPANY
Boston New York Chicago London

BELLES-LETTRES SERIES
FORTY VOLUMES NOW READY
LIST FREE ON REQUEST
D. C. HEATH & CO., Publishers
Boston New York Chicago London

LOVE AND ETHICS
By ELLEN KEY
Her new book, to be published this fall. Order in advance from your bookseller. 50 *cents net.*
B. W. HUEBSCH, Publisher, New York

TRAVELLING COMPANION: well bred, educated, and efficient young man seeks position as travelling companion or secretary. Good references. Box 9, care Nation.

STANDARD WORKS
By A. D. HALL, M.A., F.R.S.
Director of the Rothamsted Experimental Station, Foreign Member of the Royal Academy of Agriculture of Sweden.
THE FEEDING OF CROPS AND STOCK $1.50 *net.*
THE SOIL
An Introduction to the Scientific Study of the Growth of Crops. $1.50 net.
FERTILIZERS AND MANURES
$1.50 net.
E. P. DUTTON & COMPANY
PUBLISHERS, NEW YORK

Author's Agent
Helen Norwood Halsey
Editing, typewriting and placing authors' work.
110 WEST 34TH ST., NEW YORK CITY.
Send 25c. *in stamps for Miss Halsey's "Writer's Aid Leaflet N."*

Handy Volume Classics
Used by schools and colleges everywhere. 155 vols., pocket size. List prices, cloth, 35c. per vol.; limp leather, 75c. per vol. (Special prices to schools and colleges.)
SEND FOR CATALOGUE.
Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York

GETTYSBURG
The Pivotal Battle of the Civil War.
By R. K. BEECHAM
Late Captain, Second Wisconsin Cavalry.
The publishers believe this to be one of the best short accounts of the battle of Gettysburg ever written.
With many illustrations and maps. $1.75 net.
A. C. McCLURG & CO., CHICAGO

THE AEROPLANE
PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE
By CLAUDE GRAHAME WHITE and HARRY HARPER. With articles by Famous Aviators. 93 illustrations. Over 300 pages. Octavo. Cloth, $3.50 net.
J. B. LIPPINCOTT CO., Philadelphia.

Manuscript We carefully consider for publication under OUR imprint and management, prepared MSS. suitable in length for BOUND BOOK issue. Readings absolutely necessary; no charge. Forward copy complete.
Roxburgh Pub. Co., Inc., Boston, Mass.

Socialism is a force to be reckoned with. The INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW, monthly, $1.00 a year, is indispensable to the student who would understand contemporary Socialism. Three months, 25c. CHARLES H. KERR & CO., 118 W. Kinzie St., Chicago.

Publishers
The Nation has a complete printing plant and can economically do your linotype composition, electrotyping, presswork. Sample pages submitted.
The Nation Press
Twenty Vesey Street
New York City

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1911.

The Week

It is not necessary to take too seriously the reported stampede to Roosevelt among the Republican National Committeemen in Washington on Monday, for, after it is all over, it clearly appears that Mr. Taft still holds the trumps. He controls the reorganized committee of arrangements of the next Convention, with a chairman favored by him, and a substantial majority of the whole committee support him. What is visible is the split in the party, the existence of which everybody knows; it is bound to be displayed at every party gathering from now on, and is, among other things, the best possible evidence that the process of freeing the Republican party from the domination of protected interests and politicians of the Mark Hanna type goes on apace. But, so far as Taft is concerned, not only does Mr. Taft control the Southern delegates, as Mr. Roosevelt controlled them four years ago, but those of free foot, who would like to be Insurgents, find themselves face to face with this sentiment from no less a person than Theodore Roosevelt (February 25, 1909): "No man of better training, no man of more dauntless courage, of sounder common sense, and of higher and finer character has ever come to the Presidency than William Howard Taft." Shall it now be solemnly confessed that Mr. Roosevelt was wrong and that the party blundered? Surely, his party could never be so false to Oyster Bay—and, besides, Oyster Bay was never known to be anxious to run for office when everybody was prophesying its party's defeat.

Any man's declaration that he is not a candidate for President of the United States is like the plea of not guilty in a court of justice. The right to withdraw the plea and to substitute one of guilty with mitigating circumstances, is always recognized. Nothing, for instance, could apparently be more emphatic than Mr. Underwood's statement, "I am not a candidate for the Presidential nomination, and I am not going to be." But, without questioning the sincerity of Mr. Underwood's disclaimer, one may look back over the history of Presidential denials and find at least six reasons that will justify a change of heart: (1) The emergence of conditions which did not exist at the time the denial was made, and which, of course, put an entirely different complexion on the matter; (2) the unanimous demand of the people, before which every statesman must bow; (3) the vital interests of the party, which must always be placed above one's personal interests and inclinations; (4) ultimate, though not belated, recognition of the fact that no man is too big for the Presidency of the United States; (5) a stampeded Convention; (6) the act of God. The business of running for President of the United States is one of the few subjects on which a man may eat his words without ceasing to look his fellow-citizens in the face.

There is one paragraph in the President's message on foreign affairs which will stir the reader's mind to reminiscence. The paragraph has reference to a recently concluded commercial treaty with Japan. Japan? Where has one heard that name before? Ah, yes, that was some time ago when a Japanese fleet was stealing its way with covered lights into San Francisco harbor; when Japanese emissaries were taking soundings in the Gulf of Mexico, the Bering Sea, and off the Ninety-sixth Street pier in the North River; when the Japanese Government had bought up by secret treaty every available naval harbor and coaling station on the Pacific Coast of Mexico, Peru, and Chili, and had refrained from entering into a similar agreement with Bolivia only because Bolivia is very much like Switzerland. Where is Japan now? We sit now in the cold, gray dawn of the morning after and can only wonder at the nightmare panics and alarms that followed one another at intervals of a few months, without cause, without reason, without any other source than Capt. Hobson's and Mr. Hearst's mental and moral indigestion. To think now of war with Japan is laughable; yet there were times when men of sense feared the worst. Of such stuff are most international panics and perils made.

Besides the three conspicuous subjects of the parcels post, the postal savings-banks, and the proposed readjustment of postage rates by increasing that on magazines and newspapers and reducing letter postage to one cent, the Postmaster-General's report touches on other matters of public interest. The recommendation is renewed that the franking privilege be discontinued, and that instead of this utterly vague and unlimited power to use the mails without charge there be substituted "the use of special envelopes and stamps in the free transmission of official mail, such envelopes and stamps to be furnished on requisition through the agency of the Post Office Department." This proposal of reform certainly does not err in the direction of being too radical; the franking system as it is bears altogether too close a resemblance to the flagrant free-pass abuses which have been got rid of in recent years. To show that the wiping out of the deficit was accomplished without curtailment of postal facilities, the Postmaster-General mentions a number of facts that are interesting, such as the introduction of carrier delivery in 186 additional cities, the establishment of 2,516 new rural routes, and a considerable increase in the average salaries of carriers and clerks. In the direction of improved administration, the most notable point made is the reorganization of the railway mail service, which has not yet been completed but of which, says Mr. Hitchcock, "the final result will mean a tremendous saving to the Government, accompanied by important benefits to the employees of the service." One of the features of the improvement is the recruiting of the railway mail service solely by promotion from among the trained employees of the post offices.

It is to be hoped that the New York Chamber of Commerce will give its emphatic approval to the project placed before it last week, looking to the establishment of an international commission on the cost of living, upon the initiative of the United States. The difficulty and importance of the inquiry alike make the coöperation of the leading nations of the world essential to its successful prosecution; and it was a

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

happy inspiration that led Prof. Irving Fisher of Yale to propose the scheme, and to sound prominent economists, in this country and Europe, as to the desirability of such a plan. His inquiries have met with the most cordial response on all sides. Some look forward to remedial governmental measures as a possible or probable outcome of the inquiry; but, irrespectively of any such prospect, it is felt that a really thoroughgoing research into the facts will be sure to prove of the highest practical importance, as well as of great scientific value.

The indications are that the meat-packers' trial in Chicago will witness a further extension of the great American principle of trying a case twice, once after the jury has been selected and once before. Of this principle, the proceedings in the Los Angeles trial, now happily brought to a close, offered an extraordinary application. When talesmen were being examined by counsel, they were asked substantially, "If we should argue that the *Times* building was blown up by gas, what would you do?" or, "If we should argue that the *Times* building was blown up by dynamite, what would you do?" Such questions reduce criminal practice to admirable simplicity, since it is an obvious advantage to begin a case with the knowledge that the jury is going to find for your client. And so in Chicago: Have you any views on Government regulation of commerce? Are you a farmer, and thus a natural-enemy of pork-packers? Are you a salesman or small merchant, and thus an enemy of Trusts? Are you an ultimate consumer, and thus prejudiced against high prices? Such attempts to try the case while selecting the jury are all the more inexcusable because they are obviously ineffective. When quizzing and cross-quizzing have stopped, when challenges for cause and peremptory are exhausted, you get twelve men into the box whom you might as well have picked the first day or two, so far as their final verdict is concerned.

The statement by the officials of the Federation of Labor is cleverly written and takes certain positions that are to be commended. It puts on record an explicit expression of satisfaction in the vindication of justice in the case of the McNamaras, and declares that their "grave crime" teaches the salutary lesson of the "futility of resorting to violence." On the main question, however, of the violent championing of the McNamaras by the labor leaders, and their violent denunciations of all and sundry who thought the men might be guilty, the statement is necessarily labored and weak. No explanations after the fact can alter the mischief that was done before it. We are now told that "the most cautious reasoners" among the organized workers had convinced themselves that the *Times* building in Los Angeles was destroyed by an explosion of gas. But if they had been really cautious they would have waited for the evidence, and not have filled the air with cries about a "frame-up" and perjured testimony. They may have been cautious reasoners, but they were most incautious speakers. It is too late for them to assume a judicial attitude, and ask for a suspension of judgment. They did not suspend their judgment for an instant, and by their reckless folly marked themselves out as unsafe leaders. They now speak as men chastened by the event, and with their authority and even their official positions imperilled; and if the public does not now credit their solemn asseveration that they never dreamed that the McNamaras were guilty, whom have they to blame but themselves? Mr. Burns continues to assert that some of them long ago knew the McNamaras to be guilty.

Monday's estimate of this season's cotton crop, by the Agricultural Department, was for 14,885,000 bales. To appreciate exactly what that means, it must first be pointed out that 13,800,000 bales is the largest crop ever previously picked, and that even that crop (in 1908) had been underestimated by 900,000 bales in the Government's December forecast. This great "cotton year" has followed a series of years in which the cotton belt's story was curiously different. Not very long ago, the spinners of the world used in one season 12,400,000 bales of American cotton. That was obtained from the large crop of 1908; and it was then estimated by the late Thomas Ellison, the Liverpool statistician, that, under normal conditions of yield and price, the spinners would require 12,438,000 bales in the following year, and about 200,000 more in the next. But the American cotton crop of 1909 was only 10,500,000 bales; in 1910 came a more successful harvest, but with a yield of only 12,100,000. As a consequence, cotton went to 16 cents a pound in 1909, and in 1910 it sold at 20 cents, a figure never before touched in American history, except in the paper-inflation period and the wild-cat bank days of 1835 and 1836. The necessary outcome was hard times in the spinning trade, thousands of cotton-mill employees out of work in Europe and America, and high cost of clothing to the masses.

Such prices, in accordance with a rule of human nature, induced the South to plant in 1911 the largest acreage on record. The 15,000,000-bale crop, exceeding all others by a million bales, resulted. It is doubtless more than the spinners can consume in a single twelvemonth; indeed, up to the present date the New England mills have used less cotton than a year ago—unquestionably because the buyer of clothing has not yet forgotten the lesson taught him by the experience of the past two years, that it is possible to make the old suit of clothing last a good deal longer. But with cotton now at 9 to 9½ cents, instead of 20, a change in this regard is bound to come. In due course, the old way of doing things will be resumed by the consumer, mills will again run at full time, and prosperity will return to a great American industry. The other side of the matter concerns the cotton-producer, who complains that the fall in cotton prices has brought down the value of his crop almost to cost of production. Numerous expedients of relief have been suggested—most of them, we are sorry to say, so utterly repugnant, not only to political economy but to ordinary common sense, that they have been discarded as soon as proposed. We have seen only one which was practicably workable or economically defensible, and that is the tentative plan of the New York syndicate to arrange for such advances of funds to planters as should avert the necessity for a sudden and wholesale "unloading" of their crop, the moment it had passed through the ginneries. There are possibilities of beneficent reform in the cotton market, if this plan is made effective; but it would need the most judicious management.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The finding of the joint navy and army board which examined the wreck of the Maine in Havana harbor confirms the report of the Sampson Board and seems to establish beyond all cavil that the explosion was an external one. It will be remembered that several of the officers of the Sampson Board, including Rear-Admiral Chadwick, were convinced against their own prepossessions that it was an external explosion. He and his associates of that board must feel gratified that the laying bare of the wreck has clearly proved how careful on the whole was their work. By a process of elimination, they arrived at the conclusion that the disaster could not have been due to internal causes. They seem to have erred only in the exact location of the explosion, which appears to have been ten or twelve frames further aft than the Sampson Board had thought. Again, the Vreeland Board finds that the explosion was not caused by a torpedo, but by some "low form of explosive" which eliminates the possibility of a torpedo or some instrument charged with a high explosive, like nitro-glycerine, and points towards a submarine mine charged with gun-powder.

Beyond this, it appears, the Navy Department will not give out further details of the Vreeland report, and what it has published is, of course, of no value whatever in revealing the authors of the explosion. Apparently, the Maine's destruction bids fair to remain one of the world's great mysteries. If the Vreeland report is correct, the deadly mine must have weighed hundreds of pounds and required the efforts of many men to get it overboard and anchored in just the right place. Yet no one has ever been found who knew anything about it or saw anything suspicious. After thirteen years and the complete downfall of the Spanish power in America, no one has confessed anything and the United States is as much in doubt as to whether Cubans or Spaniards, officials or men in private life, were responsible as when the news of the disaster was received. If it was a conspiracy, it has been one marvellously well safeguarded by those involved, and with each year the chances grow less of ever obtaining the actual facts.

President Taft's refusal to interfere in the case of five young men dismissed from West Point for drunkenness ought to discourage a time-honored manœuvre. When a cadet or a midshipman is deemed by the authorities at West Point or Annapolis to have so far transgressed that nothing but dismissal is to be thought of, then, in the minds of his relatives and friends, the fight is only begun. The scene of conflict is shifted to Washington, and every appeal and form of pressure that can be conceived of is brought to bear upon members of Congress. In the present instance, no fewer than five United States Senators lent their influence against the upholding of discipline at West Point. The President's reply was comprehensive. He not only refused their request, but told them that he would veto any bill to restore the cadets. Doubtless the five Senators retired in good order, if not with all the honors of war.

To Mr. Andrew D. White's suggestion that the Russian Government be invited to debate the passport question before the Hague Tribunal, there is at least one weighty objection. Recourse to The Hague should be had when diplomatic measures have failed. If it were a question of going to war with Russia over the passport question or going to The Hague, right-thinking men would prefer the latter course. But that is not at all the alternative we face. As has been stated before in these columns, the argument of those who favor the abrogation of the treaty of 1832 is just this: the treaty does not justify Russia's treatment of the American Jew, but if Russia insists that it does, then do away with the treaty. It would be a question for The Hague if this country, while insisting upon all the benefits accruing to it under the treaty of 1832, nevertheless demanded that Russia should meet our views in the matter of passports. It is not a question for The Hague if this country decides to forego any advantages that may accrue to it under present conditions by bringing the treaty itself to an end. A denunciation of the treaty by Congress would supply the State Department with a powerful weapon for negotiation. During the year that must elapse before notice of termination becomes effective, Russia could undoubtedly be brought to see reason.

It is difficult to follow all the ins and outs of the new suffrage agitation in England, but one capital fact stands out. It is that, for the first time, a responsible and influential Minister of the Crown has come out squarely in favor of giving the ballot to women on the same terms as to men. Mr. Lloyd George did this in a speech at Bath, in which he linked woman suffrage with the humane causes which he has at heart, saying, among other things, that "if women by their presence on the register saved us from the infamy of a single war they would have justified their vote before God and man." What Lloyd George committed himself to was advocacy of an amendment to the Government bill for manhood suffrage, next year, including the vote for women. The Premier has definitely pledged himself, in case such an amendment is carried, to make it a Government measure along with the rest of the bill. The so-called Conciliation bill, which even the militants had agreed to accept as a payment on account, would have enfranchised about a million women; the amendment which Lloyd George now favors would give the vote to six or seven millions.

It is already apparent that, whatever may be the effect on his personal fortunes, W. Morgan Shuster's stand against Russia's throttling tactics in Persia has been of service to that country. Lord Morley's statement in the House of Lords last week makes it plain that the better conscience of Great Britain has been roused against slavish adherence to a compact which Russia seemed determined to turn into an instrument for undermining Persian independence. It is also not improbable that the British sporting spirit has been impressed by Mr. Shuster's single-handed fight against what professional diplomats have regarded as the inevitable. At any rate, while Lord Morley was still under the necessity of deploring Mr. Shuster's lack of tact, he joined with Lord Curzon in expressing admiration for the young official's energy and motives. It is hard to imagine that Russia's renewed assurances that she has no designs on Persian independence were not forced by recent events at Teheran. That is one distinct gain. Another is England's declaration that she will not sanction the ex-Shah's return to power.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE "PRESIDENTIAL PRIMARY."

Now that the Republican National Committee has met in Washington, there has been much talk about ways and means of getting an expression of "Presidential preference" from the voters of the party. This has been caused partly by the fact that the machinery for a Presidential primary has been set up by law in five or six States. And in Congress Senator Cummins has introduced a bill to bring about the election of all delegates to National Conventions by a direct primary. His measure fixes the date of such primary as August 1 in each Presidential year. This alone would make it certain that the proposal of the Iowa Senator is not intended to go into effect in 1912, since the Conventions will undoubtedly be called for a day in June or July. It is doubtful if Senator Cummins will even press the matter at this session. Indeed, the whole subject is thus far treated in a tentative manner only. As six-sevenths of the States have made no legal provision whatever for any such test of party sentiment on the Presidency, the National Committee cannot include the device in its "call" for next year's Convention. In Ohio it has been proposed to try the matter out by voluntary agreement, and the President's friends are said not to be averse to doing so; but even there the plan is enveloped in doubt, and except in the handful of States where the statutes have provided for a Presidential primary, we shall doubtless hear little of it as a practical matter.

Nevertheless, the movement has a genuine interest. It indicates an honest and growing dissatisfaction with the methods at present employed to elect Presidential delegates. And with the coming all over the country of direct-primary laws for the nomination of State and city officials, as well as Representatives and Senators, what more natural than that the nomination of a President, too, should be thought of as something about which it would be well to give the members of the party a more direct voice? The National Convention, as a means of placing candidates for the Presidency before the people, is plainly an improvement over the old way by Congressional Caucus. But the Convention, in its turn, has come to appear to many to have gone stale and to be losing authority, so that plans for freshening it up and restoring its prestige stand a good chance of getting a hearing. Of these, the suggestion of a Presidential primary appears to be most in favor.

A scheme for carrying it out was embodied in the reform legislation of New Jersey, enacted last winter. Section III of the Geran law provides that "all delegates and alternates to the National Convention of the political parties in this State shall be chosen at primary elections." The Secretary of State is to be notified by the chairman of the State Committee, "on or before the fifteenth day of April in the year in which a President of the United States is to be elected," of the number of delegates to be chosen, which number shall then be certified by the Secretary of State, before April 20, to county clerks. The latter are then to put the established primary machinery in motion. Candidates for the position of delegate may be grouped together, and "may also have the name of the candidate for President whom they favor placed opposite their individual names, or opposite such groups, if they so request in their petitions, under the caption, 'Choice for President.'" Moreover, the Geran law provides that in the Presidential primary, as freely as in that of the State, citizens can by petition get placed upon the primary ballot the names of independent or rival party nominees for delegates. How this plan will work in New Jersey, remains to be seen, but its intent is obviously to give the voters the opportunity to make their Presidential preferences known with more clearness and effect than ever before.

Some are confidently predicting that, by the time four years more have rolled round, the Presidential primary will have become universal. A good deal will depend, however, upon the success or failure of the method in the half-dozen States which resort to it this year. Perhaps even more will depend upon the way in which next year's National Conventions conduct themselves. If they are suspected of being boss-ridden, or are plainly manipulated, the impetus given towards an entirely new order of things will be marked. But, on the other hand, if the Conventions bear genuine marks of free conferring together and unforced voting, it will be generally thought that there is life in the old institution yet.

One report which came from Washington bears on the proposal to have Presidential primaries, in a way that may be malicious, but it is at least interesting. It is said that Mr. Roosevelt's friends are against the idea of primaries. This is not because they "distrust the people"—perish the thought! But if the Colonel's name were to be put forward in a primary as early as May or June, it would compel him to say explicitly whether he wanted it done or not. His friends feel that this would be awkward—for them. What they are figuring upon is a stampede to Roosevelt in the Convention. That could be much more easily engineered for an unwilling candidate than a primary campaign. We give the rumor for what it is worth, and will only remark that, if there is any truth in it, the result will be to make the Taft managers even more careful than they were in 1908 to see that their delegates can be guaranteed, not only to "stand hitched," but to be proof against a half hour's yelling for Teddy.

THE RAILWAY SECURITIES REPORT.

Much was expected from the very able commission which President Taft appointed to inquire into governmental regulation of the issue of railway securities, and its report meets the hopes inspired by the men. President Hadley and his associates, Messrs. Judson, Strauss, Fisher, and Meyer, have shown not merely that they know how to dig into a complicated matter, but that they can present the results of their investigation in an orderly, lucid, and convincing manner. The very style of the report is interesting. Seldom in an official publication does one meet with such pungent phrasing. There are many crisp expressions that tempt to quotation. For example:

> We are told that if it was possible to standardize food by a Pure Food law, it ought to be possible to standardize railroad securities by a securities law. It is possible—to the same extent and no more. The Pure Food law enables a man to know what he is buying. It does not certify that the thing he buys is good for him. That is left to his intelligence. The Government cannot protect the investors against the consequences of their unwisdom in buying unprofitable bonds, any more than it can protect the consumers against the consequences of their unwisdom in eating indigestible food.

It is, however, the substance of the report that is the main thing, and this is of great value. It goes deeply and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

with expert knowledge into the whole question of railway financing and the relations to it of both Federal and State Government. With patience and close scrutiny it takes up one after another of the "happy-thought" solutions of the problem which have been offered, and shows in detail how they would be either unworkable or mischievous. To some this will seem the most valuable service done by the report. It disposes of many nostrums. What it recommends is done cautiously. It clearly sees evils and earnestly seeks remedies, but nowhere is it under the delusion that a vast complex of established interests, in which the future of the country is bound up, can safely be cut through by an improvised legislative sword.

One thing that stands out in it is its strong appeal to the States to do their duty in the matter of regulating the issue of railway securities. With only one important exception, all American railways are State-chartered. In reference to corporations of their own creating, the States may make any kind of laws they choose. If they desire stringent regulation of railways they can have it. They can, if they please, allow the issue of stock for less than par. They can dictate the bookkeeping of the companies; can compel them to the most absolute publicity. In all these ways and others, the States have powers which they have not exercised, and obligations to which they have not risen. The Commission's report is, in its way, as stirring a summons to the States as was Mr. Root's famous speech. In our opinion, it is made thereby the more wholesome.

The Commission, however, is not averse to an exercise of the power of Congress over interstate commerce. The diversity of State legislation being what it is, and the bringing of State railway charters and the methods of State railway control into something like uniformity being necessarily a slow labor, the report favors the invoking of Federal authority. Only, it would be very careful to draw the line between what can be done by statute and what cannot, between reasonable expectations and wild dreams. In the matter of the so-called "physical valuation" of existing railways, for example, the Commission points out that, if this is undertaken, it should not be with the idea of reducing the amount of outstanding securities or preventing new issues simply because the total "exceeds the physical value of their properties." The Commission declares that any attempt in this way to "scale down old securities" would be both illegal and inexpedient, would tend to great direct loss, and, by its destruction of confidence in American railway investments, would inflict indirect loss that would be "immeasurable." Moreover, it adds, "such a readjustment would become archaic almost from the outset, because an adjustment of securities based upon the values of to-day might be totally erroneous to-morrow."

What, then, would the Commission have Congress do? In a word, make all the stock and bond transactions of railways as open as day. It would not favor Government authorization of securities, because that would tend to create the impression of a Government guarantee of values, and this, as the report asserts, "no administrative authority can safely give." But every scrap of information relating to securities the railways can be compelled to turn over to the Interstate Commerce Commission, and this is the main recommendation of the report. It would have complete publicity given to actual facts regarding every share of stock and every bond—how they were issued, what was the consideration for them, the amount of the proceeds, and how they were used, the names of the parties concerned. Many other details and stipulations the Commission would insist upon having made public, as respects all the financial transactions of railways, including the disposition of surplus, the aim of the whole being to put an intending investor and the public in possession of the fullest possible knowledge. It is to this kind of systematized information that the Commission pins more hope than to any scheme of Government "standardizing" or guaranteeing of railway securities. We have but hinted at the broad scope of the report. It should be read entire by any who wish to see trained intelligence and perfect candor applied to a great governmental problem.

CANADA AND "CONTINENTALISM."

On this side of the line, the reciprocity proposal was viewed almost wholly as a question of economics. When Mr. Taft, opening his campaign of education in the notable speech he made at the press dinner in this city, spoke of Canada being at "the parting of the ways," the idea of firing the hearts of the people of the United States with the prospect of the absorption of their neighbor to the north was as far as possible from his thoughts. But with that want of sensitive imagination which has on so many occasions involved him in almost fatal embarrassments, he made use of a phrase eminently fitted to alarm patriotic Canadians, while all that he wished to impress upon the people of this country was that the opportunity for tariff reciprocity, if not seized at this time, might not again appear, owing to the possible or probable growth of the system of Imperial preference. But the speech was one that he had deliberately written and read; and *littera scripta manet*. When the time came for an appeal to Canadians to rally round their flag and reject the overtures of Yankeedom, Mr. Taft's unlucky phrase did yeoman service for the anti-reciprocity men. Fortunately for them, what the President's innocent words merely permitted them to infer by construction had been grossly bellowed out by the Speaker-designate of the House of Representatives; and the Canadian alarmists would have been either more or less than human if they had not taken the utmost advantage of these real or supposed evidences of the annexation spirit. Nor can there be any doubt that the appeal to the sentiment of Canadian individuality, as well as of Canadian loyalty to the mother country, was a decisive influence in bringing about the anti-reciprocity victory.

Whether annexation was really regarded by any considerable number of Canadians as a practical danger, as in any sense imminent in case reciprocity was adopted, it would be difficult to say. Probably many of those who made the greatest outcry about it would answer, if closely questioned, as one distinguished Canadian did who visited this country after the election. "Do you think there was really anything in the annexation cry?" he was asked. "There was nothing in it," was the reply, "but it was very useful." And yet the matter cannot be disposed of in an epigram. The case is not very different from that of the Channel tunnel question, which has been coming up in England, at intervals, for something like half a century. It would be a notable convenience, it

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

would be a considerable economy, and a great many people have demonstrated to their own entire satisfaction that it would not constitute any danger to England, as "compassed by the inviolate sea"; but so long as there is any standing-ground for the belief—and in the opinion of some very able judges there is—that the tunnel would, under conceivable circumstances, make invasion possible, Englishmen will have none of it. What the reciprocity campaign has really brought out is the unsuspected presence of this same kind of intensity in Canadian sentiment. Probably comparatively few Canadians really feared that reciprocity would bring annexation in its train; but hundreds of thousands showed their intense attachment to Canadian independence and individuality by rejecting a proposal which, rightly or wrongly, they felt would weaken its defences.

In an article in the *Nineteenth Century and After*, under the title "The Defeat of 'Continentalism' in Canada, from a Canadian Standpoint," this sentiment of Canadian patriotism is represented largely in the light of an extreme distrust and dislike of the United States, or rather of certain traits which are regarded as peculiarly characteristic of this country. According to the writer of this article, Rudyard Kipling's message to the people of Canada was the real keynote of the campaign. "It is her own soul that Canada risks to-day," Mr. Kipling declared. And he went on to speak of our enormous number of murders, of our "haste and waste" in dissipating our resources, of the inevitable result which must follow if Canada pawned her soul to us, in the shape of conformity to "the commercial, legal, financial, social, and ethical standards which will be imposed upon her by the sheer admitted weight of the United States." This message, says the *Nineteenth Century* writer, "was printed not as a paragraph, not as a column, but filled an entire page in many of the leading Canadian newspapers," and he ranks it as one of the most notable public utterances of recent years. What the writer himself thinks of Yankeeland, he makes no effort to conceal; it is quite plain that he regards us as eaten up with corruption, as wholly devoid of sentiment or idealism, and as given to lawlessness in a degree almost inconceivable in a civilized people. This state of mind diminishes, of course, the trustworthiness of his testimony as to what actually took place in Canada; but, after all allowance is made for this, one finds in the article only an extreme manifestation of what, in more reasonable fashion, must have been operative in the minds of a great number of Canadians.

How sensible Americans should feel about all this, and how they do feel about it, is an interesting question. For our own part, we strongly suspect that, take the whole population—even though it includes some few who are not sensible—the result of a campaign in which annexation of Canada was the issue would be very different from what the sapient Champ, in a recent utterance, confidently declared. He unhesitatingly asserted that in such a campaign the annexationist would beat the anti-annexationist ten to one. Our confidence in the sober sense of the American people forbids such a conclusion. We believe that every day of discussion would strengthen the hands of those who hold to letting well enough alone; who feel that we have enough to do to work out the problems of our present vast and diversified population and territory; who are conscious that, along with the qualities of which the nation is justly proud, there are others in regard to which it has ample reason for serious misgivings; who see no reason why a free, prosperous, contented, and progressive nation alongside our border should be asked to merge its individuality with ours, adapt its institutions and customs to our system, and throw overboard its own traditions and preferences. It is not necessary to subscribe to the indictment made by a prejudiced Britisher in order to recognize that we are not the model of perfection; and even if we were vastly nearer perfection than we are, the idea of recasting into our mould another people, having their own excellences, their own distinctive qualities, good, bad, and indifferent, would offer no attraction to a well-balanced mind. On the contrary, we have reason to rejoice that some variety of political and social development, some difference in the tone and temper of individual life, has been supplied by the accidents of history in this vast continental area covered by English-speaking people. An all-absorbing Continentalism is as little to be desired by the United States as by Canada.

THE REAL AWKWARD AGE.

Who nowadays has a kind word for the middle-aged man? In Chicago they have just organized a league to war against the cruel practice which makes it difficult for the man of forty-five to procure employment. Such a practice, if generally accepted, would be enough to condemn any economic system which made it necessary. And yet there is in it negative recognition at least of the fact that the man of middle age does exist. No such hint meets us in the general run of daily news, in science, in literature, or on the stage. In the famous controversy precipitated by Professor Osler, it was the armies of the young and the old that engaged in fierce combat. Dr. Osler having said that the world would be just where it is to-day if all the achievements of men above forty were wiped out, people immediately began to draw up lists of men who did great things when they were above seventy. Between lay a significant but unnoticed gap. The quarrel between youth and old age is constantly breaking out anew. One day youth scores with a Cabinet Minister of thirty-two. The next day old age comes back with a golf champion of seventy. The Sunday supplements alternate between women who are grandmothers at thirty and men who grow a new set of teeth at seventy-five. The romances of January and May are never-failing in the news. But the humdrum experiences of the middle-aged attract no one's attention.

Thus in the debates between crabbed age and youth the middle period has been virtually abolished. It is assumed that when a man ceases to be young he is old; when he ceases to be sprightly he becomes automatically venerable; when he ceases to be fiery and ambitious, he sits by the fire and bores people with his reminiscences. So, the modern stage and the modern novel know only two kinds of lovers, the young lover who is romantic, and the aged lover who is tragic. The middle-aged lover needs only to be mentioned to be ridiculous. His is the time of life when the hair begins to grow thin without assuming the prestige of gray locks or a fine bald forehead; when a man no longer expects to become president of the company and has not yet laid up a secure investment in stocks and bonds; when a man has lost his taste for musical comedy and has not yet

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

learned to read Carlyle's "French Revolution" by the family lamp. The middle-aged man to-day is in the awkward age.

And yet one need not go to the census figures to realize that there must be many men between the ages of forty and sixty living at the present time. The middle-aged man, like those other uninspired figures, the plain citizen and the man in the street, is the main burden-bearer of our civilization. He is the father of sons and daughters just old enough to make him worry over college fees and boarding-school bills. He is just old enough to have his sons and daughters scoff at his views as quite old-fashioned, but he is not old enough to impose those views on his youngsters without resorting to argument. He is the keystone of modern suburban development, being in a noticeable majority on the commuters' trains and at taxpayers' meetings. He is the man to whom the influence of gold production on prices is not an academic question. He is, in fact, at that age when few questions are academic. Youth can solve the Trust question with a beautifully comprehensive theory. Old age can discuss the question from the standpoint of history. But this common, middle-aged citizen envisages the problem under the concrete aspect of rent, grocers' accounts, telephone rates, and life insurance. Naturally, he is not a romantic figure. In an age where the grandfathers and the grandchildren divide the attention of the world between themselves, he is just the undistinguished, routine, bill-paying father.

If society takes so little notice of the middle-aged man, it must be because society to-day has little patience with anything that is not extremely one thing or another. To-day Conservatism is respectable and Radicalism is respectable, but if you wish to hurt a man's feelings you call him a Moderate; Mr. Shaw calls him a snivelling Liberal. In business, Mr. George W. Perkins has abolished the middleman. In the broader social field, Mr. Debs has abolished the middle classes. In society they have abolished the middle initial, writing H. Jerome Jones where we used to write Henry J. Jones. It takes a man of real courage nowadays to say a good word for the once popular golden mean.

FORMING PRIVATE LIBRARIES.

The number and variety of books found in the shops at this season must be the wonder of all beholders. Much might be said of the handsome editions, with their elaborate illustrations, some of them in color, many real gems, if others are tawdry—stretches of river and farmstead, glimpses into lovely old gardens, splendid ruins, some highly successful interpretations of symbolic poems, and new ways of looking at things all about us, such as Mr. Hornby's etchings of Broadway. But what particularly strikes us is the sheer extent of the output. Bewildering it must seem to many, and the doubt will be what to do with so many books. Taken together with those issued in recent years, they include, in convenient form, over and above a host of novelties and superannuated nothings, virtually every important work that survives since the world began; not only all the masterpieces of European literature, in the broad sense of the word, but a great many lesser books which are useful for sketching in the background of the various periods. The last few years have seen a brave attempt to reclaim the best thought of the Orient as well; in fact, it would be hard to mention a country some of whose works the bookmakers have not been concerned to bring out in English translations.

Much has been heard of the demoralizing effect of too many books, and we do not deny it. The deal of trash for every good book that appears cannot fail to do harm, mainly in diverting people from what is excellent. Yet there are rare possibilities in the present situation. The chance to form valuable private libraries was never so great as to-day. Generally it is thought that no library is a thing of pride which does not boast a rare first edition or so, a few curious old miscellanies, and, let us say, a volume of Horace's odes wherein an eighteenth-century ancestor has written his own translation of "Integer vitæ." On the other hand, many prized collections have had great gaps in them which would seem scandalous to-day. The fad of bibliophiles has put an undeserved cheapness upon modern reprints. True bookishness, in point of fact, is not always antiquarian; for the majority of mankind it ought to be enough that for moderate expense they can have beside them what the great minds of all ages have thought and felt. This, rather than any desire for the old or merely curious, was what spurred on Petrarch in his perilous journeys in quest of classical writings. To-day the labor of book-hunting is not what it was then, and yet there is often weariness of the flesh in it. Books come to us too lightly, and in our surfeit we let slip the chance to surround ourselves with what is truly good.

We suspect that many readers lack a library because they do not know how to make a beginning of it. The desire for it is often there, and plenty of pathetic cases still exist of men, like the brothers in "What Every Woman Knows," purchasing five yards of the world's best literature. Publishers are willing—somewhat too willing—to give advice. Strange to say, the masses have been better directed in this matter than those with thicker purses. But it remains for scholars to draw up longer lists of inexpensive but good editions of works, ranging from ancient to modern times, to which the library-builder may turn with confidence. A single public lecture has been known to start men reading. Yet too often the impulse is short-lived for lack of sufficient understanding of the implements. There are, of course, such inclusive series as Everyman's Library, but each year sees a number of new collections, and the reader's confusion grows. With expert assistance one ought to be able in a few years, at a very moderate expense, to assemble a general library of literature, philosophy, and history, and with a few science books to boot.

But would men read, once they had the proper books? Love of good books may be inborn, but in no small measure it can be acquired. Like one's fondness for pictures, it may grow from a habit into a very active enjoyment. Many will recall their puzzlement, even boredom, upon first visiting a gallery in Europe, and then from an increasing familiarity with the pictures the feeling of friendliness that came as if from old acquaintances. It would be hard to determine how much in the appreciation of art is genuine, or truly understanding, and how much rests upon manifold associations with the objects viewed. But the initial *rapprochement* is the main thing, and that is a mechanical process. Travel-worn business men are known to have thanked God

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

vociferously upon reaching a European town that owned no gallery; and yet to the galleries they do go, and willy-nilly carry away some knowledge. It is true, we believe, that this particular class knows more about pictures than about literature. Yet the book habit should be the easiest of all to form. We have no illusion that by artificial means people can be turned of a sudden into a clerk of Oxford who would rather

> have at his beddes heed
> Twenty bookes clad in black or reed,

than a comic supplement. There are nevertheless plenty of families whose capacity for good literature is not extinct, and who with the proper kind of help would take pride in having a library. And who shall say that with the knowledge that they had directly at hand the main ideas which have made their present existence what it is, they would not browse a bit, until from the habit there came a wholesome curiosity?

Correspondence

GREEK AT OXFORD AND IN AMERICA.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Of those who were present at the meeting of the Oxford Convocation on November 28, few will ever forget the occasion. Not only was the assembly of scholars impressive, but the number of members who had come up to vote on the proposed statute (intended to relieve honor students in mathematics and natural science from compulsory Greek at the entrance examinations) showed how deeply the graduates are interested in the subject. Since the matter had received much discussion in previous meetings and in the press, only four speeches were made, two on each side, all of exquisite moderation and urbanity. The fact that on previous occasions the motion has been opposed by scientists so distinguished as Sir William Osler, regius professor of medicine, is perhaps no less surprising than that yesterday it was supported by men of letters like President Warren, professor of poetry, and Sir Gilbert Murray, regius professor of Greek. And probably the failure of the proposed statute, considering the conservative tendency of convocation, was surprising only because of its decisiveness—a vote of 595 to 360. But perhaps the most striking characteristic of yesterday's meeting, as of the whole discussion in the press, was the attitude towards Greek almost universally expressed or assumed. Supporter and opposer of the motion alike are interested in the preservation of the Greek influence, and differ in tactics rather than in sentiment.

It is, of course, dangerous to suggest that Professor Murray, devoted as he is to Greek studies, is standing on insecure ground. Yet to many his exchange of questions with his interrupters seemed beside the issue. Obviously, as his hearers were ready to admit, he is at least as sincere as they in his wish to preserve the Greek influence. But granting, as most men who are acquainted with the science students would willingly grant, that a few months of compulsory Greek grammar is not conducive to anything like the "Greek spirit," is that a proof of the utter uselessness (to borrow a favorite word of the scientists) of Greek for the scientist? Professor Murray rightly maintains that the intellectual salvation of the illiterate man does not rest in Greek grammar, but in English—meaning, perhaps, that the science student is illiterate?

The real case for Greek for the scientist does not rest only in its occasional usefulness to him as a scientist, but on its constant importance to him as a man. In America we are a little too apt to regard Greek as the proper food for future teachers of Greek, and for them only; is it all a fallacy that the British Government finds its best candidates for the civil service among the students of Litteræ Humaniores? Though the great majority of science students and engineers, trained in the technical schools and in the newer universities of England, must of necessity be without Greek, it is not too much to hope that a small minority of them, trained in the two universities that have always supplied most of England's leaders, will have the benefit of Greek as well. If, as one of yesterday's speakers remarked, Greek is contrary to the spirit of the age, then let us have Greek as an antidote to the spirit of the age, or to that part of it which we cannot admire!

But here Professor Murray, playing unwillingly, as one feels, the rôle of devil's advocate, says with utter frankness and truth that a few months' cramming in Greek grammar is no antidote. In deference to his weighty authority, the question becomes a choice, not between Greek grammar for the science student and the lack of it, but between Greek grammar and some other method of approaching Greek. It is generally admitted that the Oxford "Greats School" (Litteræ Humaniores) owes its prestige largely to the fact that it requires, in addition to a knowledge of details, a mental grasp and power of reflection in philosophical or in historical fields. It should seem quite practicable to offer the science student who chafes at Greek grammar the alternative of a certain amount of this type of training, which may be acquired from the study of history and of English translations of classical texts. This type of work would appear, it may be noted, more congenial to the scientist's mind than would Greek grammar; it would give an elementary training of a humanistic nature (more than the present requirement can pretend to give); and since such training would best be given in the university, it would not debar scientific students from coming up from schools where Greek is not taught. Not the least consideration is the practical one. Professor Murray disclaimed the idea that his concession is "a sop thrown to an angry crowd"—*i. e.*, the threats of a royal commission to reform the University from without. Granting, with him, the inadvisability of retaining the stumbling-block of Greek grammar for scientific students reading for the honor degree, I venture to suggest that such a provision as I have outlined would have a very fair chance of finding favor with a royal commission.

For the question is not closed. There is no little measure of truth in the cry of the *placets* that the ranks of the *non placets* were swelled yesterday, as frequently, by large numbers of clergymen who came up from the country to vote—men of undoubted sincerity and integrity but men in less immediate touch with Oxford than the regius professor of Greek and Congregation (the resident body), both of whom are in favor of the change. Sooner or later the question will arise again if indeed it is not taken up by a commission. What seems to me to have happened is this: the non-resident members of the University have illogically blundered into a logical position from which a modification of the requirement of Greek for scientific students can be made. If Congregation had had its way, it is doubtful whether any form of Greek could ever again have been instituted for the science men. And though Oxford should and will develop strength in science, her scientists should be men of broader ideals than those who have merely a technical education.

For the American universities the matter is instructive. America's need for the Greek influence is as great as England's; but her methods must be different. The ideal of Oxford and Cambridge, for better or for worse, is aristocratic; it aims at the training of leaders, not of average men. For this reason, Oxford or Cambridge without Greek would be like a beautiful and ancient palace, hung with ancestral portraits, whose names the present occupants had not the curiosity to learn. It would be pardonable for the footman or even for the butler to know nothing about the deeds and the ideals of "the family's" forefathers; but on the family itself rests the responsibility of working out the ideals under which it has been brought up, modifying them as new conditions arise. In the American university, for better or for worse, the ideal is democratic. Leaders emerge from the ranks from time to time, but that is of secondary importance; we look to our universities for a force to raise the general level of the nation. If Greek is to be an influence in this force, it must come not only through the specialized work of scholars, but through a wider knowledge of Greek ideals among "all sorts and conditions of man"—not necessarily acquired by a first-hand acquaintance with Greek texts. Cannot the American universities find a larger sphere for Greek than the classroom of the specialist?

William Chase Greene.

Balliol College, Oxford, November 29.

GOVERNMENT BY EXECUTIVE DISPENSATION.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The scheme of government by executive permission or dispensation, in lieu of government by law, which was inaugurated by the combined action of the Steel Trust and President Roosevelt in the Tennessee Coal and Iron matter, is evidently bearing fruit and gaining in popularity. A novel and somewhat startling application of it is found in the following news item clipped from the telegraphic columns of the Detroit *Journal* of this date.

Louisville, Ky., December 1.—"I want a permit to kill my family and then commit suicide," was the unique request made to City Court Attorney Robinson recently by John M. McCord, No. 222 South Eighteenth Street.

Before Robinson could recover from his surprise, McCord continued: "My wife is ill and without medical attention. My chil-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dren are starving, and our landlord has ordered us out of our home. I can't get work and I guess we'd all be better off dead." . . .

Robinson turned McCord over to the police, who made an investigation and found his statements correct. The family will be amply cared for and McCord will be given employment so that the children may have a Thanksgiving dinner like other children. The sick wife will also be looked after and given proper medical attention.

In the instance here reported the reluctance of the authorities to assume such extraordinary functions resulted in saving the impoverished family from threatened extinction and in tiding them over the impending crisis.

Possibly a similar reluctance on the part of the President in the former case might have saved the Tennessee Company from being swallowed up, and at the same time have averted the threatened panic by less objectionable means. At all events, no one has ever explained satisfactorily why a loan to the embarrassed company would not have been quite as effective for the purpose as its absorption.

It is evident from even our slight experience with it that this scheme of granting governmental absolution from sins about to be committed, which is now being called for as a political panacea for existing ills in connection with the Sherman law, would not be entirely satisfactory, but would involve some peculiar difficulties of its own. Thus in the Tennessee case a President with only an ordinary degree of inspiration would be considerably staggered by the task of determining with certainty whether a panic was about to take place, how disastrous it would be, whether the proposed infraction of law would serve to avert it, whether the remedy would not be worse than the disease, etc., etc.

The fact is, we are not provided with a class of experts qualified to administer that kind of government. On the whole, notwithstanding the present clamor for it, the outlook for this peculiar scheme of government in this country is not promising, and the prospects are that we shall have to continue worrying along in the same old way for some time yet, submitting patiently to the inconveniences inevitably incident to all government by law.

HERBERT L. BAKER.

Detroit, December 1.

COMPULSORY COMPOSITION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In my judgment the opinion of Professor Lounsbury on the matter of "compulsory composition in colleges" deserves deep consideration. I can speak from experience of "English A" in Harvard University—one of the most exacting freshman composition courses in any college, and compulsory. At the time I thought it wholly admirable as just the training needed by young men (though most students disliked it cordially). I am since convinced, however, that my power of expression was no greater after the training than before, except as it would naturally gain with the wider scope come with college life and increased maturity. That spontaneity suffered I am certain, and I well remember the lapse of time that was necessary to outgrow the rigidity of style and dry rhetorical precision acquired in the course, where conscious form was everything and facility dwindled to the vanishing point. It is contended, I know, that the course is for *manner* and not for *matter;* that the manner shall furnish an effective vehicle at a (presumably) later time when one has something to convey. But in practice the reverse is true; and I found my adopted manner of expression to stand somehow in the way of ideas. Theories aside, this was the pragmatical discovery.

Facility of expression is all-important, and can be got, if ever, only by continual voluntary intercourse with good books and persons of cultivation; and by voluntary writing. This, or it must spring from the native need of expression which will find its way by the short cuts of talent and genius.

E. F. STAFFORD.

Boulder, Col., December 2.

A STRAW BALLOT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The colleges of Ohio have been conducting, through their college papers for the past few weeks, a "straw ballot election" for President for 1912. The result of the balloting thus far is especially interesting for two reasons: first, because Ohio's Governor is one of the leading candidates for the Democratic party, and secondly, because Woodrow Wilson is the choice of the voters in all of the colleges that have thus far reported. The vote in Oberlin College has just closed as follows: Wilson, 261; La Follette, 82; Taft, 60; Roosevelt, 17; Harmon, 13; Hughes, Folk, Bryan, 2 each; a number of other candidates, including Clark, 1 each. There was no prescribed list of candidates submitted to the students. They were free to select their own, but were asked to give reasons for their choice. If the reasons for selecting candidates at the national conventions were always as intelligible as those given by many of the Oberlin students, the independent voter would go to the ballot box with a more honest enthusiasm than he often has on election day. The following is typical:

> I vote for Wilson because he has a good political philosophy, is clean, honest, has made a good record as Governor of New Jersey, and commands the respect of the intelligent press and independent voters of the country. Moreover he is, what many of the "reformers" are not, sanely progressive.

G.

Oberlin College, December 3.

THE PANAMA CANAL.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In reading a work of José de Acosta, a learned Jesuit of the sixteenth century, I chanced upon an opinion concerning the practicability of cutting a canal across Panama. It occurs in "The Natural and Moral History of the Indies," Bk. iii, chap. 10 (Seville, 1590; translated into English by Edward Grimston, London, 1604, and reprinted by the Hakluyt Society, 1880):

> Some have discoursed and propounded to cut through this passage of seaven leagues, and to ioyne one sea to the other, to make the passage from Peru more commodious and easie, for that these eighteene leagues of land betwixt Nombre de Dios and Panama is more painefull and chargeable than 2,300 by sea, wherevpon some would say it were a meanes to drowne the land, one sea being lower than another. As in times past we finde it written, that for the same consideration they gave over the enterprize to win the Red sea into Nile, in the time of King Sesostris, and since, in the Empire of the Ottomans. But for my part, I hold such discourses and propositions for vaine, although this inconvenient should not happen, the which I will not hold for assured. I beleeve there is no humaine power able to beat and breake downe those strong and impenetrable mountaines, which God hath placed betwixt the two seas, and hath made them most hard rockes, to withstand the furie of two seas.

C. E. ANDREWS.

Amherst, Mass., December 5.

WILLIAM PENN AND JOHN TOLAND.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: One of William Penn's indirect contributions to the advance of liberal thinking seems not to have been noticed by any of his biographers. In 1705 John Toland, whose "Christianity Not Mysterious" had appeared nine years before, and who had since been the object of much consequent abuse for the freedom of his opinions, was in unpleasant pecuniary straits. During the preceding year, Shaftesbury, then exile for economy's sake in Holland, had failed to pay Toland the customary instalment of his pension. Toland, in some way or other, had formed the acquaintance of William Penn, and there is extant a letter which he wrote to the Quaker on June 26, 1705 (see Toland's "Miscellaneous Works," 1747, Vol. II, p. 337), asking for a recommendation to the lord treasurer, Godolphin. Penn, however, made his appeal to Harley instead, to whom he sent on August 24 another letter from Toland, with the suggestion that the Deist had been "kept too long upon expectations" (Hist. Mss. Com., Portland, Vol. IV, p. 230). The result of this was the almost immediate engagement of Toland to write "The Memorial of the State of England," and his long—though always somewhat precarious—attachment to Harley's service.

Toland was again in touch with Penn two years later (Hist. Mss. Com., Portland, Vol. VIII, p. 279), although there is no evidence that their relations were ever in any way close.

CARL VAN DOREN.

Columbia University, December 8.

Literature

SIX BOOKS ON CHINA.

Gleanings from Fifty Years in China. By the late Archibald Little. Revised by Mrs. Archibald Little. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $2.50 net.

A Chinese Appeal to Christendom Concerning Christian Missions. By Lin Shao-yang. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50.

The Education of Women in China. By Margaret E. Burton. Illustrated. New York: Fleming H. Revell Co. $1.25 net.

The Changing Chinese, the Conflict of Oriental and Western Cultures in China. By Edward Alsworth Ross, LL.D. New York: The Century Co. $2.40 net.

The Coming China. By Joseph King Goodrich, some time Professor in the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Imperial Government College, Kyoto. With 32 illustrations. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. $1.50 net.

China's Story in Myth, Legend, Art, and Annals. By William Elliot Griffis, D.D. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.25 net.

By accident, rather than by design—for that would have been a publishers' miracle—the autumn season has produced an unusual number of good books on China. Of the half-dozen selected here for review, none can be dismissed as trivial or unimportant, while a careful reading of all of them would constitute a fairly adequate equipment for any one who proposes to follow faithfully the course of the revolution. The essays contained in Mr. Little's "Gleanings" constitute the stray leaves of a busy Englishman's studies during a half-century of residence and travel in China. As a merchant, the author naturally gave his attention chiefly to the problems of China's material development, though some of the papers, which are literary and philosophical, show him to have been much more than a business man. He learned the language and went freely among the common people; in the course of many journeys, he probably obtained a better knowledge of the face of the country than any European of his time; and the outcome of this preparation provides information and reflections nowhere else to be found. Two features characterize this collection in a way that marks its chapters already as a little quaint: one of them, the reiterated complaint that the Chinese decline to accept the utilities of the Western world, and the other, the ogre of Russian predominance which looms up now and then, both serve to emphasize the change which has come over the Far Eastern situation since the fall of Port Arthur. As trade competitors, he regards Americans as more formidable to British primacy in the East than Germans—which is *not* the burden of our Consular Reports—though he cannot see "any necessary conflict of international interests in China; the field is so immense that there is room for the occupation of all the spare capital of both Europe and America for a century to come in exploiting the undeveloped resources of this huge empire."

Mr. Little has much to tell at first hand of the province of Szechuan, the Far West of China, where the present revolt first broke out. He made a notable attempt some score of years ago to introduce steamers into this region up the Yang-tse gorges. The effort ended in failure, but not in loss, for the Chinese, in order to end a troublesome matter, bought up the enterprising promoter's steamer and all his belongings. A magnificent water supply from the Tibetan Mountains renders this one of the richest districts of China. Its people do not, however, rank high in the estimation of cultured Chinese; they are mainly the descendants of immigrants who swarmed in during the seventeenth century from the lower Yangtse Valley, after the long wars following the Manchu conquest had depopulated the whole province. It gives us a new notion of the so-called "unchanging East" to learn that the whole population of this area, the size of France, is as recent in its origin as that of eastern Canada. Mr. Little's fair and friendly estimate of the value of mission enterprise in China is the only chapter of this volume which has never before been printed. Though deploring the tendency of missionaries to impose dogma upon the common people, he thinks well of the results of their work as a whole, and tells us out of an abundant personal experience that their converts are much the most trustworthy class to be found in the country. It is the example of Christian living, he concludes, rather than preaching, that counts with the natives, who are about the most shrewdly watchful folk on earth.

Mr. Little's opinions upon this subject are entitled to more respect than those of the Englishman whose "Chinese Appeal to Christendom Concerning Christian Missions," purporting to be written by a Chinaman, is a self-confessed deceit. "Lin Shao-yang," in a letter to the London *Spectator* last September, writes: "I plead guilty to the charge of being a European resident in China, and throw myself on the mercy of the court." His "Appeal," being a forgery in so far as it pretends to represent Chinese opinions, demands very slight consideration. Its author shows no knowledge of Chinese and little of missionary literature, basing his charges against all evangelizing enterprise upon the reports of one mission during a single year. There are plenty of criticisms of missionary methods to be made, especially if the mistakes of the past, which are now avoided by the great majority of missionaries, come up for review, but they must be presented by an honest man to command respectful notice.

A sufficient answer to the animadversions of this anonymous critic is Miss Burton's "Education of Women in China," a fairly comprehensive account of what has thus far been accomplished by mission schools for the instruction of girls in the Empire. The author, after a six months' visit in China in 1909, returned to this country to "learn from the best available authorities the character of such education for women as existed before the entrance of Western influences, and to trace the history of modern education, using, as far as possible, original sources." Her personal acquaintance with the country seems to have been limited to the eastern provinces, but, though a larger experience might have added to the value of her record, her knowledge of the subject amply qualifies her to write a book of considerable interest and usefulness. While we are inclined to distrust her conclusion, that there were virtually no educated women in the land a generation ago, the fact remains that they were few and that foreigners never came into contact with them. Until recent years missionaries met with much opposition in their endeavors to establish girls' schools, but the good sense of the people has generously approved of their efforts after some acquaintance with the results. One of the most striking evidences of the *volte face* in the China of to-day is the eagerness with which parents now seize upon chances to get their girls into school. Indeed, it threatens already to become a mania with the sex. The new woman, drunk with the wine of her new learning, has begun to reel a little and doesn't know where to stop. A pathetic instance of this is given in the story of a lady of high rank who could think of no better way to display her accomplishments than by singing the ragtime "Waltz Me Around, Willie" to a room-full of dignified and ceremonious guests. China's great need at present is a few central women's colleges to provide teachers for the schools which the Government has ordained but cannot equip with instructors.

The eagerness of the "liberty girls" in an awakening nation is, according to Professor Ross, more likely to be controlled by the mission than by Government schools. His "Changing Chinese" relates some fantastic anecdotes about the young females of the upper classes who have boldly claimed their right to be seen and heard in public, but difficulties of this sort are inevitable in a transition age. "Toward spring," he tells us in a happily chosen analogy, "the water of a frost-bound Northern lake becomes so deoxygenated that if a hole is cut in the ice, the fishes press so frantically to the life-giving air that some are pushed out on the ice. Nevertheless oxygen is good for fish. Just so when foreign example breaks a hole in the rigid custom that confines Chinese womanhood, the eager rush of young women toward the life-giving liberty and knowledge may leave some of them clear outside their native element." This book is the contribution of a trained observer. Without their advantage of long residence in the country, he surpasses even such admirable students of Chinese life as Mr. Holcombe and Dr. Arthur Smith, in applying the principles of sociology to a subject that has never, heretofore, been treated by an expert. He does not find the Chinese either antipathetical or peculiar. Here is a single sentence that is more to the point than most of the wisdom that has reached us from the whole aggregation of treaty-port residents. "The theory, dear to literary interpreters of the Orient, that owing to

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

diversity in mental constitution, the yellow man and the white man can never comprehend or sympathize with one another, will appeal little to those who from their comparative studies of societies have gleaned some notion of what naturally follows from isolation, the acute struggle for existence, ancestor worship, patriarchal authority, the subjection of women, the decline of militancy, and the ascendancy of scholars." Dr. Ross, who is a professor of sociology in Wisconsin University, has made these items the chief topics of examination in his survey of China as it is, and the result is one of the most informing and readable books of its kind that has thus far appeared.

A volume of somewhat the same sort, "The Coming China," by Joseph King Goodrich, deals with conditions in that country from the standpoint of a resident of long experience in the East. His summary of past history, while inadequate, reveals the essential causes of Chinese distrust of Europeans. As a merchant his unsparing condemnation of the opium traffic and its promoters—a business that has found plenty of apologists in his class—is noteworthy, but it hardly seems necessary to commend Chinese at the expense of Japanese character. Here is a story of the real ambition of the latter, which leads to surmise:

> The writer has seen a map called "The New Great Japan," upon which the boundaries of that Empire are made to include Korea [it was drawn before the annexation], Manchuria, practically all of Eastern Siberia and to the west as far as Lake Baikal, and all the rest of the Chinese Empire. Since this map was not published secretly, it may well have come into the hands of the Chinese, who would naturally have their worst fears confirmed thereby, although it is unnecessary to say that it was not an official publication, yet things of this kind do not, in Japan, spring solely from the overwrought imagination of an individual.

While the greater part of this book reveals the use of fresh materials, there are a few chapters which must have been written some years ago and need revision. It is rather foolish at this date to quote Lowes Dickinson's "Letters from a Chinese Official" as the work of a Chinese. There are a few slips, such as placing Perry's second expedition in 1857, and an occasional failure to find the proper source of information, as revealed in his ignorance of Bland and Backhouse's remarkable "Life of the Empress Dowager," but the work has as a whole great merit and is written throughout in the best spirit for bringing Americans to understand China.

Dr. Griffis's "China's Story," compiled with the same admirable intention, is a volume of a more elementary sort by a student of Asiatic affairs who, though long away from those countries, continues his honorable record as an interpreter of their cultures. His moderation in setting forth some episodes in the history of the last century deserves high commendation. European readers might complain of a rather exaggerated appreciation of the part played by America in this record, but such criticism would not be likely to discover any actual misstatements in his narrative. An erroneous impression may result now and then from efforts towards extreme condensation. The return by America of her unexpended share in the Boxer indemnity, for example, was not made, as implied, at the close of the peace negotiations, nor was the "fund" invested by the Peking Government for the education of Chinese boys abroad; it is allocated as it becomes due. For an account of China which aims chiefly to be brief and readable the book may be described as a success. A number of well-selected photographs adds to the value of this useful little work of reference.

CURRENT FICTION.

Jean-Christophe in Paris: The Market-Place; Antoinette; The House. By Romain Rolland. Translated by Gilbert Cannan. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

Readers who hoped that these final chapters in the life of a German musician would not be so formless as the first four chapters published last year with the title "Jean-Christophe," have hoped in vain. The author sticks to his former plan of trying to present the inedited history of a soul. No spiritual adventure is too trivial to be remarked, and no sentiment that is sincere requires apology. The result to the reader is a world which seems strangely archaic and recalls that literary age in Germany when two men, having made the great discovery of a mutual sympathy, would look into each other's eyes and cry out in unison—so perfect was the sympathy—"I love you." As is generally the case with relentless explorers of the soul, M. Rolland is the victim of his thoroughness, and at no place more than at the outset of this volume. For even the musical soul of Jean-Christophe might be expected to summon some show of resistance from his admittedly robust body to the clangorous onslaught of Paris. The picture he makes on his first walk about the streets, with tears of sensitive revulsion running down his cheeks, his face twisted with grief, shows a human being, as it were, wrong side out. The problem of crystallizing the inmost workings of the soul even the ranging suggestion of poetry has not mastered without calling in a sturdy, variegated framework of outward facts: Subjective matter needs objective support, in literature as elsewhere. And in the account of Jean-Christophe the reader never ceases to retort that this is not the whole story. The point is best illustrated by the episode of Antoinette, a girl barely twenty, who for six years struggles for the sake of her younger brother's education. The author fixes attention entirely upon the struggle of her soul, and though her attic is near the Jardin des Plantes, she is never seen getting an instant of physical joy from its trees and flowers—all is suffering sustained by pluck, all is therefore melodrama. If M. Rolland, with his sure grasp of the least articulate of human feelings and his faculty of extracting romance from the pursuit of mere ideas, could only have collaborated with, let us say, Balzac or Flaubert!

The plot of the story is no plot at all: Jean-Christophe has reached Paris, having fled from his little town on the Rhine after an altercation with the police, and proceeds in his honest, downright way to take a reckoning of the intellectual and spiritual activity of the French. His own message is held in abeyance while with open mind he searches for great ideas in others—but in vain. Direst poverty fails to make him compromise with the truth, and after discovering that France is meretricious through and through, he is about to work out his salvation from within, when he comes upon Olivier, the brother of Antoinette, and it is revealed that they love each other. In Olivier's frail body dwells a subtler mind than the German's, though not less honest, and through him Christophe's notions are tempered to sanity. He is now in complete possession of his powers and his musical creations begin to grip the thoughtful.

The Beacon. By Eden Phillpotts. New York: John Lane Co.

The materials of which this tale is built are a trifle over-familiar to readers who are on easy terms with their Phillpotts. The *Nation* has often expressed respect and liking for his studies of life, as it is seen faithfully upon Dartmoor, and as it is thereby seen in the large. We cannot help knowing and delighting in this moor-country, its flat lands and quiet rills, its storm-swept tors, its mists and its passions. It is not a place to tire of, but its people, we now feel for the first time, are capable of becoming tiresome. In the present tale, as usual, Dartmoor, a high tor, a woman, and two men, stand in the foreground. Barely a pace or two back lowers a grisly ancient whose distinction (without real difference) is that he is even closer kin to primitive man than are the chief persons. Herein lies the charm of these moor folk. We are of like passions, the springs of our action are much the same, but we live under a mask. The rustic New Englander, for instance, is a relatively conventional person. He has the grimness and canniness of the moor people, but his inner experience is his

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

own—unconfessed even when betrayed by chance. The most striking trait of Dartmoor humanity, on the other hand, is its explicitness. If one man hates another, he tells him so, and gives his reasons. Or if he loves a married woman, he is equally unabashed. The most searching home-truths are habitually exchanged at the bars of these uncouth inns. And yet outward deeds of violence are rare. The desperate man, instead of shooting up the town, tells everybody what he thinks of them and of life, and, if he means business, quietly drops himself into a tarn, and there an end. Such is the fate of the grisly ancient in this tale—though he commits murder first, it is true, by way of marking his superiority to the Dartmoor rabble. Of the two other men the woman marries the weakling, and presently loves the strong fellow. Mr. Phillpotts has told the story before: this rendering of it is saved from superfluity by the extraordinary and moving dénouement—a consummation as striking as that of "The Whirlwind." In detail, the book has the usual excellences of clearness and picturesqueness. There are perhaps fewer than common of those passages of emotional prose in which the writer paints his favorite landscape. And, on the whole, one gets the impression of a hand which, without flagging, begins to work a little mechanically with a stiffening material.

Rose of Old Harpeth. By Maria Thompson Daviess. Indianapolis. The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

In spite of the wholesome, not to say goody-goody atmosphere of this story, its chief interest is to the literary pathologist. It is symptomatic of two ailments prevalent among writers of rural romance—the proverb disease and the rustic-virtue obsession. The plot is hoary with years. Rose is about to give herself in marriage to the villain in order to prevent him from foreclosing a mortgage on the family farm. In the traditional manner she is rescued by the hero, who discovers that the soil of the estate in question contains enough cobalt to wipe out the mortgage and leave the family wealthy. Needless to say, he marries Rose. But to the development of this plot Miss Daviess gives little attention. Her chief concern is to portray the inhabitants of Harpeth Valley, their goodness and their wit. Undoubtedly they are good. Compared with the Harpethites, the farmers of New Hampshire as pictured by the late Denman Thompson, were monsters of vice. In Harpeth Valley there are no cynics, no drunkards, no angry men. The people talk in proverbs—not epigrams, not paradoxes—but clumsy platitudes framed with obvious and painful effort. On nearly every page occur such remarks as "Don't you suppose a piece of hemp twine would turn into a gold cord if you tied it around a bundle of true love?" "They are some women in the world, if a man was to seal up his trouble in a termater can and swoller it, would get a button-hook and a can-opener to go after him to get it out."

John Temple. By Ralph Durand. New York: The Macmillan Co.

A seldom trodden byway of history, the Portuguese attempt to conquer Southeast Africa in the sixteenth century, furnishes the background and much of the action of this novel. John Temple, an English adventurer, captured by the Portuguese in India, is compelled to join Francisco Barreto's expedition against the African prince Monomatapa. The "Sao Raphael," on which he sails from Goa for Mozambique, is wrecked on the African coast far to the south, and the survivors reach the Portuguese outposts only after terrible hardships. Temple distinguishes himself on this march and is rewarded by a captaincy in Barreto's army. He takes part in the disastrous expedition up the Zambesi, and as a solitary envoy to the court of Monomatapa, he terrifies that potentate into receiving him as an equal. A heroine and a love-story are somewhat perfunctorily dragged into the action. In the "foreword" the author tells us rather naïvely: "I used the novel as my medium because the tale, though true, seemed too romantic for sober history. The reader will easily distinguish which is fact and which is fiction if he remembers this: that all that is best in the book is fact." The strongest part is the account of Barreto's expedition; here the author seems to forget all about his love story, and his narrative is spirited and effective.

JOHN OLIVER HOBBES.

The Life of John Oliver Hobbes: Told in her Correspondence with Numerous Friends. With a biographical sketch by her father, Morgan Richards, and an Introduction by the Right Rev. Bishop Welldon, Dean of Manchester. With portraits and illustrations. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $4 net.

As a remarkably intense, active, and confident literary performer in a lack-lustre period, Mrs. Craigie is a figure of interest. With Kipling, Louis Stevenson, W. E. Henley, she did her smaller part to keep alive the sluggish nineties, to show English fiction still capable of a gusto, and not a mere relic in the hands of the curious. She was not a great artist; but she was a real one, and her spark of genius was faithfully cherished to the end.

Pearl Richards was born in Chelsea, Mass., in 1867. A grandfather and both great-grandfathers were American parsons. Her father was a business man, and a business chance settled him in London shortly after her birth. Londoner she became. Americanism could never be more than a graceful sentiment with her. One might derive her vivacity or her religious sense from the American blood; but these, like her literary tastes, are more properly of French origin, certainly developed under French influences: so that where she is most un-English, she is almost equally un-American. Even her knack at advertising seems to have expressed rather the thrift of the bourgeois than the push of the commercial lady. In an early letter to her publisher, T. Fisher Unwin, she encloses a draft for an advertisement, and adds: "Instead of putting 'second edition,' why not put something or other *thousandth?* Stevenson and Barrie and Hall Caine and all those much praised people are advertised that way; and if it impresses the public, why not do it? I have no nice scruples about timidity in these matters. I write books—not for Art's sake—but because I want them to be read. They *are* read, and I do not see why I should make a secret of it." Very likely, if Mrs. Craigie had written for bread she would have been more squeamish about self-advertising—such is the paradox of authorship. Squeamish she never was about anything.

She was known and esteemed by those two survivors of a stronger time, Meredith and Hardy. For the rest her intimacies had to do with minor though more or less respectable figures—Edmund Gosse and Clement Shorter, and, more particularly, George Moore. With the last-named expositor of "realism" she not only had a correspondence of some length, but a collaboration in "Journey's End in Lovers' Meeting." This was a dramatic success, and undoubtedly whetted Mrs. Craigie's appetite for such success. The conjunction was not without its meaning. George Moore has never been a caterer to the "jeune fille"; and Mrs. Craigie, as wife and divorcée, had passed fairly beyond that category. Precocity had always been her portion; and it is impossible to ignore the fact that her nature held a strain of morbidness, whether physical or "psychological." She was born a decade too early to find acknowledged place among the ranks of the now popular "neurasthenic," but she had her affiliations with the Marie Bashkirtseff-Mary McLane sisterhood. Her self-consciousness and self-confidence approached morbidity. She firmly believed herself to stand among the hierarchy of literary art in her own generation, and she unhesitatingly predicted that her work would have its hearing from posterity. This form of heightened self-regard is not always a sign of genius: it very often accompanies the possession of little or no ability of any sort. But, other things being equal, it is a most powerful incentive to good work. Novels, plays, special articles, newspaper

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

correspondence, reviews, lectures, all belonged to her output; and for the last fifteen of her thirty-seven years there was not an instant's slackening in its flow.

Mrs. Craigie had the real passion for excellence. Large as her product was, it is that of a careful and often painful workman. But it is not perfect, and the workman should have been able to perceive its limitations and to welcome honest criticism. This Mrs. Craigie could never do. Consequently she hated critics as a class for their unreasonable habit of exercising their reason. Her letters are full of what professes to be contempt and is really a wincing regard for the judgments of the professional commentator. "The critics do not trouble me in the least," she cries. "They never did. I work for the public—not a little coterie. The *Times* man is, at all events, a student and a well-read critic." Which means that the *Times* man has praised her, and that the other critics have troubled her by failing to praise her—unreservedly. They are therefore to be sweepingly denounced as "illiterate and vulgar." Three of these critics of the London of 1899 were, we believe, Mr. Shaw, Mr. Archer, and Mr. Walkley. The truth of the matter is frankly hit off in a letter to Mrs. Craigie, written not long before her death, by Mr. Moberly Bell of the *Times*. The *Times* reviewer, after giving high praise to "The Flute of Pan," had unluckily added: "but she can do and has done even better work than this." She at once writes a long letter of remonstrance to her friend Bell, who retorts: "There is one thing, and only one thing, that the Omnipotent has absolutely failed to create: He has made good women, bad women, clever women, silly women, selfish women, and heroines of self-sacrifice, but he has never yet made a woman who could stand—I will not say adverse criticism, but—one note of deviation from absolute and unqualified praise of any of her literary efforts."

It is not a happy life which is here recorded. Nor is it an altogether engaging personality which these numerous letters reflect. Mrs. Craigie's father, who contributes a biographical sketch marked by good sense and good taste, admits that "some people disliked her violently at first sight." Her nature was strongly outlined and colored. "No one could overlook her or be indifferent to her; she either instantly attracted or strongly repelled." Her work also is of this quality. Its virtue is mental rather than emotional: it is faceted with a hard brilliance, and its ray falls coldly upon the green and tender shoots which, in spite of crabbed seasons, are always budding forth on the gnarled stock of human nature.

Aspects of Religious Belief and Practice in Babylonia and Assyria. By Morris Jastrow, jr., Ph.D. Professor of Semitic Languages in the University of Pennsylvania. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.25 net.

This volume comprises six lectures, delivered on the foundation of the American Committee for Lectures on the History of Religion, and the eighth volume published by the committee, Professor Jackson's lectures on the "Religion of Persia," delivered in 1907-08, not being included in the publications.

Professor Jastrow is so well known as an authority on Babylonian-Assyrian religion as to guarantee the scientific value of any contribution which he makes on that subject. The present volume is less formally scientific and more popularly readable than his "Hand Book on the Religion of Babylonia and Assyria," published in 1898. Like the German translation of that work, by the author himself, now in process of publication, this shows considerable advance on the earlier publication in general knowledge of the subject, due to discoveries made in the intervening period, both in the field and in the interpretation of documents already in hand.

The most valuable chapter is that on Divination, especially divination by the liver. Here Dr. Jastrow speaks as a master. The theory underlying liver divination was this: The liver is the seat of life, which is, or in which is, the soul. A god identified himself with the offering made to him. The soul of the god must, therefore, express itself in the liver of the animal offered. Being altogether materialistic in their conception of the life principle or soul, the Babylonians expected to find that expression in certain outward phenomena in the liver—peculiarities of form and appearance, lesions, abnormalities, or markings of any description. With mathematical exactitude, they built up a pseudo-science of the interpretation of these forms and markings, partly by using principles of interpretation familiar in sympathetic magic, the right side suggesting right or favorable omens, the left the opposite, a long hepatic duct, indicating length of life or reign, and the like, partly a series of observations, based on events on the principle of *post hoc, propter hoc*.

Professor Jastrow devotes his first chapter, entitled Culture and Religion, to a general survey of the development of civilization in Babylonia and Assyria. With regard to the Sumerian question and the Amorite theory, he adopts an attitude of compromise. With high compliments to Halévy, he yet does not think that this scholar has disproved the existence of a Sumerian language or of a Sumerian people; but, on the other hand, he does not believe that the Sumerians were necessarily older than the Babylonian Semites, or that they were the originators of the Babylonian civilization. The two peoples developed side by side, according to his view, the Sumerians predominant in southern Babylonia, the Semites in the north, and it was the interrelation of the two which produced the remarkable civilization of Babylonia. (We do not think this quite explains all the phenomena of script and religion. Attention should also be called to the evidences of other occupations and civilizations revealed by excavation.) Similarly, while not accepting Clay's view of the Western Amorite origin of Semitic-Babylonian civilization rather than the reverse, Professor Jastrow admits that "in accounting for the later and for some of the earlier aspects of the Sumero-Akkadian civilization this factor of Amurru must be taken into account" (p. 26); and, in support of this, points out the fact, already noted, that "the earliest permanent settlements of Semites in the Euphrates valley appear to be in the northern portion" (p. 27), suggesting an immediate connection with Syria rather than with Arabia. Assyrian civilization, as distinguished from Babylonian, he believes to have been largely influenced by the Hittites. In the matter of the new Astral-Mythological theory, represented especially by Winckler and Jeremias, Jastrow, with all courtesy, declines to compromise. The astral mythologists, be it said, are the men who would trace not only the myths and legends of the earlier chapters of Genesis to Babylonian-Assyrian sources, but also virtually all Hebrew traditions, including the legends of the patriarchs, and much if not most of Hebrew history. In the accounts of some of the greatest historical personages in the Old and New Testaments, among others David and Jesus, they find "reflections of an astral mythology and an astral theology which were developed in the priestly schools of the Euphrates valley" (p. 413).

In his discussion of the Pantheon (Lecture ii) Professor Jastrow seems to us to overlook the tribal and local nature of some of the Babylonian and Assyrian gods, all of whom he reduces to manifestations of the sun, moon, stars, and meteorological phenomena. This connection does, in fact, lie in some of the names, like *Shamash*, sun; *Sin*, moon, etc., and doubtless, as organized into a Pantheon, the Babylonian gods became largely, if not entirely, expressions of heavenly phenomena; but originally not a few of them were, we believe, merely tribal gods, without special astral or meteorological significance. Dr. Jastrow, it may be added, has carried this treatment of the Babylonian gods over into the Old Testament field. He continually refers to Yahaweh (by the way, he writes this consistently *Jahweh*, a vicious transference of a German transliteration which does not represent to the English read-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

er the true sound of the letters) as a storm god. This, we submit, is not correct. Yahaweh was a personal, tribal god, who became the Hebrew national god. Various traits and attributes are ascribed to him, among others, meteorological traits and attributes; but he is not confined to those attributes, and is in no sense a personification of those traits, nor did he ever become so; in which the Hebrew religious development differs very much from the Babylonian.

The book is well and abundantly illustrated, a novelty in the volumes of this series. Dr. Jastrow has provided also, evidently with much labor, chronological lists, a study of which, as it seems to us, can only serve to convince the reader of the uncertainty of all things Babylonian. To begin with, Dr. Jastrow belongs to the very late school, so that all dates are placed at their lowest possible term. Down to 753 B. C. he prefixes a *circa* to every Babylonian date. Before the time of Hammurabi, "*c.* 1958-1916," he indicates an uncertainty not only as to dates, but even as to the order of the names on his lists, so that, for example, of the thirty-seven rulers of Lagash, from *circa* 3050 B. C. to *circa* 2200 B. C., which he enumerates, the position in sequence of seventeen is marked as conjectural. We doubt whether it is worth while to burden the student of comparative religion with a discussion of Babylonian dates, so long as the present uncertainty regarding them prevails, least of all in a popular work like this.

The book is well indexed, and, barring a little carelessness in proof-reading, admirably published.

Martin Luther: The Man and his Work. By Arthur C. McGiffert. New York: The Century Co. $3 net.

The Life and Letters of Martin Luther. By Preserved Smith, Ph.D. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $3.50 net.

It would be hard to imagine two books on the same subject, in similar compass, and written from essentially the same point of view, more unlike in their treatment tnan these two new volumes on Martin Luther. Professor McGiffert's book is the work of a practiced hand. It was written originally for the popular audience to which a great illustrated magazine naturally and properly addresses itself, and this original form is essentially reproduced in the handsome volume before us. It is furnished with numerous and appropriate illustrations very beautifully done, and adding really material interest to the text. The narrative flows easily from beginning to end, as if the author had thought it all out long beforehand and were simply telling his story out of abundant material completely in hand. There is not a reference to authorities, not even the slightest vestige of a bibliography. We are left wholly in the dark as to the author's special studies for this work, and are free to read it with the quiet assurance that he has studied widely and thoroughly, and made up his picture of the man and his accomplishment from more than a mere monographic research into this and that detail.

Dr. Smith's work, on the other hand, impresses one at once, as it was doubtless intended to do, with the extent and seriousness of the writer's special preparation. His introduction to the world of scholarship was a study of "Luther's Table-talk," prepared as his thesis for the doctorate in 1907, and his time since then has been largely spent in these more extended Luther studies. There is a fine spirit of youthful enthusiasm visible throughout. The effect of a long German training shows itself in a method which continually reveals the processes of the author's own researches. There is frequent reference to the sources of his narrative, though it is seldom that the page is overburdened with footnotes. There is an appendix of fifty pages in which, following the order of the chapters, are given a very elaborate bibliography and a brief selection of letters.

Precisely why this book should have been called a "Life and Letters" is not clear. One might fairly have expected from such a title an examination of Luther's extended correspondence, but nothing of the sort appears. The only fitness of the title seems to come from the considerable use of letters as a means of telling the story of Luther's life. This is by no means an original method. The letters have almost all been published in more than one edition, and Luther's biographers have never been slow to avail themselves of these treasures. Dr. Smith's selections are judiciously made, and the translations are refreshingly spirited. The author has sought to reproduce the spirit of the originals, serious where the subject is weighty, and vivacious where, as in the Table-talk, the overburdened mind of the great leader of men sought relief in playful humor or good-natured badinage.

Both the authors here in review have realized to its full extent the complicated nature of the man they are trying to describe. Neither of them can often be accused of falling into the vulgar error of seeking to explain or to defend him on the ground of individual utterances. They have seen clearly that there is hardly any accusation ever made against him which cannot be supported by some word out of his own mouth. Equally they are aware that every kind of laudation that has been so lavishly poured out upon him can be justified in the same way. The method of matching phrases seldom advances very materially our historical appreciation of any man, and never was this more true of any one than of Luther. In both books we are led on to see the development of his attitude towards the great questions of his time in its manifold reactions. From the thoughtful and contemplative scholar, shy and self-distrustful, yet from the beginning profoundly impressed with a few great truths, we see him advancing to the stage of positive assertion, then of defence, and then, as his word found a wide response in the hearts of his people, we are led to feel with him the burden of an ever-increasing responsibility. That was the time of trial, and the only wonder is that his great spirit so seldom found itself betrayed into self-contradiction or even into sophistical self-deception.

Comparing the treatment of several critical moments of Luther's life by the two authors, we get the best illustration of their different methods. Dr. McGiffert is concerned more with the general effect and the ultimate outcome. A careless reader might get the impression that he has smoothed his way too easily over the many difficulties that beset the conscientious scholar who wishes to do full justice to the mingling of motives here displayed. A more careful reading, however, dispels this doubt and convinces us that he has mastered the detail of controversy before venturing upon his narrative. Dr. Smith, on the other hand, gives us as full reference to the sources of opinion on the one side and the other as his space will allow. He fortifies his conclusions with interesting selections from Luther's own words and holds the balance fairly between conflicting opinions. If we take, for example, the two most difficult of all the episodes of this character, the Peasant War and the Hessian bigamy case, we shall be struck with the difference of method and yet similarity of attitude and conclusions. Neither author is willing to admit conscious lack of rectitude in Luther's action, yet both refuse to gloss over the obvious shiftiness and sophistry of his explanations.

We predict for these books pretty nearly the fortune their authors would wish for them. Dr. McGiffert's volume should take its place as the most convenient and trustworthy treatment of Luther which the general reader can now find in the English language. It should take its place by the side of Köstlin's smaller book, with the advantage that it is more free from confessional bias. Dr. Smith's study should find its place among scholars as a handy guide to further reading.

Venice and Venetia. By Edward Hutton. With fourteen illustrations in color by Maxwell Armfield, and twelve other illustrations. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2 net.

This is another volume of the series which Mr. Hutton is writing on Italian

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

travel and which began with "The Cities of Umbria" in 1905. It is, in our opinion, the best of them all. The first chapter, in particular, is a masterpiece, sober, balanced, and logical, and presenting what is, in some respects, a new view of European history: so simply written that it offers no difficulty to the least learned, yet worthy of careful consideration by the professed historian. Its conclusions will probably be disputed, and rightly so, for truth is complex and elusive and can only be ascertained after long study and friction of various minds. If we accept its point of view, we can explain Venice to ourselves as a logical phenomenon, geographically, ethnically, and historically. Mr. Hutton has certainly never before written anything one-half so interesting to the serious student.

The remainder of the volume follows the same lines as did its predecessors, and is, in fact, a kind of glorified guide-book. Fourteen chapters are devoted to Venice and her islands, six to the lesser towns of the Veneto: Treviso, Padua, Vicenza, Verona, and the rest. The work has been thoroughly done, even to the map at the beginning of the book, where the divisions of the *sestieri* are duly marked, a feature which we do not remember to have found in any other modern map. With all its charm of style and brilliant impressionism, this is, perhaps, the most complete guide to Venice ever published. The chapters on art, which, in the majority of books, appeal only to the connoisseur, are here made interesting to the general reader. The subject is not treated in a vacuum, but we are helped to understand the Venetians through their art. Take the following, for example:

> When Venice expresses herself, whatever language she uses, we realize at once that we are face to face with a living personality at one with itself. It is to this personality that we owe the Venetian School of Painting. Precisely what I mean will become evident if for a moment we glance at the Republics of Florence and Venice as personalities. We shall then see that the great men of Florence were always greater than their city, whereas Venice was always greater than her greatest men. Florence was incapable of absorbing, often of using, her greatest sons: she sends Dante into exile, she cannot keep Leonardo, Michelangelo she fails either to understand or to comprehend, Galileo she allows to be imprisoned. Venice, on the contrary, lets not one of her sons escape, she is so profoundly living that she absorbs their energies and they enrich her.

We pass on to deal with that which is bad in the book. We mean the colored illustrations. Illustrations ought to illustrate the work of the author; these contradict it. We have only to read some of Mr. Hutton's word-pictures and then to look at Mr. Armfield's brush-pictures to realize how deplorably. It is not that the artist lacks manual dexterity, but his painting is, apparently, a feeble imitation of the Japanese. Surely, Europe should be pictured for Europeans by artists whole-heartedly of European tradition. We should have supposed that Mr. Hutton was valuable enough to his publishers to enable him to have a voice in the choice of illustrations for his books. Until he asserts himself, the only salvation for his readers seems to lie in tearing out the colored illustrations and having the volume rebound without them.

Notes

The Putnams have in the press a student's edition of John P. Mahaffy's "What Have the Greeks Done for Modern Civilization?"

As agents of the Cambridge University Press, the Putnams announce: "Studies in Fronto and his Age," by M. Dorothy Brock; "The Epistle of Paul the Apostle to the Galatians," edited by A. Lukyn Williams, and "Life in Shakespeare's England," a book of Elizabethan prose compiled by John Dover Wilson.

A. D. Lindsay, a young Scotchman, has written a guide to "The Philosophy of Bergson" which Doran is bringing out.

William Allen Butler's "Retrospect of Forty Years, 1825-1865," announced by Scribner, is edited by his daughter.

"The Personality of Napoleon" is the title chosen by Dr. J. H. Rose for his series of Lowell Lectures to be given next spring at Boston.

Bunyan's copy of Foxe's "Book of Martyrs" is an item in one of the sales being held these days at Sotheby's.

In our review, November 23, of "Following the Conquistadores," by H. J. Mozans, the price was given as $3 net. It should be $3.50. The book is published by D. Appleton & Co.

The first £100 prize offered by the British Academy has been won by Walter de la Mare, who is the author of "The Mulla-Mulgars," "Verses for Children," and of a forthcoming volume announced by Constable, "The Listeners, and Other Poems."

Two more holiday editions of Dickens have come to swell the list of those already mentioned. One is an unpretentious but quite festive volume of "The Chimes" (Putnam). For this F. S. Coburn has furnished illustrations, some of which are reproduced in color and others, not the least charming, in line. The other volume is a large "David Copperfield" (Doran), with abundance of full-page color-plates from pictures by Frank Reynolds, R. I.

"A Book of Winter Sports" (Macmillan) consists of introductory chapters of text by the Rev. Hon. Edward Lyttelton and Sir H. Lunn, followed by a series of clever pictures of tobogganing and other winter scenes by Reginald Cleaver.

Harper Brothers have reprinted in one volume the late Dr. W. M. Thomson's "The Land and the Book." By the use of somewhat thinner paper, this book of 1,200 pages has been made almost as handy as either of the former separate volumes. Outside of this, the only change is the addition of a colored plate and the displacement of a map. The book is something of a classic, and its republication, fifty years after its original issue, in this more convenient form, will be welcomed by all Bible students.

The wondrous flora of China and the suitability of nearly the whole of it to our Atlantic States is demonstrated in a very interesting manner by Ernest H. Wilson of the Arnold Arboretum in the *National Geographic Magazine* for November. In advocating the introduction of new plants he says that they may add in the near future millions of dollars to our wealth. "The possibilities are incalculable." A timely article is that on "Tripoli: A Land of Little Promise," by A. L. Vischer, who thinks that the accounts of her former prosperity are greatly exaggerated. The great Rainbow natural bridge in Utah, "the largest and most remarkable known," and now made by Government a "national monument," is described by J. E. Pogue, and some glimpses of Japan, with several photographs in color, are given by W. W. Chapin.

The author of the second part of "The Compleat Angler" and the translator of Montaigne is remembered in versifying for the malodorous "Scarronides," a burlesque of Virgil which Pepys found "extraordinary good" and which was, indeed, exactly to the taste of Restoration wits. But Professor Sembower, in "The Life and the Poetry of Charles Cotton" (Appleton), makes no comment on Cotton's prose style or his merits as a translator. His attention is directed to Cotton's lyric poetry, yet even here he is curiously reticent about J. R. Tutin's edition of his lyrics, issued so late as 1903. The biographical sketch in the first chapter of the monograph is expanded to sixty-odd pages by plentiful interlarding of already known facts with copious conjecture. Some interesting suggestions are offered concerning similarities between Cotton and French poets, chiefly Malherbe, de Viaud, and Racan, which may be of use to some future student ambitious of a doctor's hood, in his researches into the influence of French poetry on the English lyric in the seventeenth century. The present study will hardly draw this forgotten singer from the obscurity that has so securely hid him for above two centuries.

Sir Walter Runciman—not the Asquith cabinet minister, but his father—followed the sea in his youth and heard so often from old English sailors that "Boney was a d——d good fellow after all" that from his earliest years he became interested in the great Corsican. As his reading widened, his fervor increased, until at last, like the Psalmist, when musing on the wickedness of man, his heart was hot within him and he spake with his tongue. Hence the "Tragedy of St. Helena" (Stokes). It traverses much the same ground as Lord Rosebery's excellent volume, but with less insight and more vehemence. As the author contemplates "the atrocious crime of Napoleon's captivity," the enormities of Sir Hudson Lowe, "a monomaniac, pure and simple," and the odious incapacity of the Tory Government, he can only exclaim (p. 178), "What a gang of puffy, mildewed creatures were at the head of British affairs in those days!" Besides the chapters on the St. Helena episodes, the au-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

thor devotes a chapter to Josephine, in comparison with whom Bonaparte is purity itself. In another chapter he discusses Napoleon's religious notions and quotes one of the Emperor's alleged St. Helena conversations which he regards as the most "beautiful panegyric on the divinity of Christ that has ever been pronounced!" To him all the St. Helena statements, so far as they are favorable to Napoleon, are trustworthy. He rejects the conclusions of recent critical scholars—"skeptics who were not only not there to witness all that went on, but some of whom were not born for many years after Napoleon and his contemporaries had passed on." Sir Walter wishes to praise Napoleon; unconsciously he has *paid him the greatest tribute* possible: he has believed everything that the great exile at St. Helena cleverly tried to make posterity believe.

"Behind Turkish Lattices" (Lippincott), by Hester Donaldson Jenkins, is a simple but pleasant little book of sketches. It covers such phases as babyhood, school life, marriage and divorce, housekeeping, amusements, occupations, religious observances, and, based as it is upon nine years of intimacy with Constantinople, it can really be trusted, at least for the things which Miss Jenkins has observed for herself. But unfortunately the observer in the East almost always goes on to ask questions, and takes the information then received as correct. That is a vain imagination; even among ourselves we do not look to the man in the street for sound opinions in theology or law. He would, probably, so confronted, say impatiently that he did not know, or derisively refer us to an encyclopædia. But the Oriental, most unhappily, always knows, and so the great ball of travellers' misinformation rolls up. In truth, gray hairs are no hindrance to prayer; the jinn, for Moslems, are far from non-existent—that is, not the obstacle to marriage with them; the Ottoman Sultan has not had fully legal wives for centuries; a woman may not marry immediately after divorce; making an image of a thing without life is not forbidden, etc. Miss Jenkins should read for herself some Turkish texts on these subjects. She knows too much not to know a great deal more. There are twenty-four very good pictures

"Social France in the XVII Century" (Macmillan) was apparently written as a thesis in fulfilment of the requirements of a higher degree, and it bears all the earmarks of a painstaking academic performance. The author, Miss Cecile Hugon, "Sometime Scholar of Somerville College, Oxford," offers a fairly comprehensive survey of the period in question, but she gives little that is novel in the way of facts or of their interpretation, although her avowed purpose is to combat the idea of a perfect unity, both social and intellectual, in the France of this seventeenth century. Nor is her acquaintance with first-hand authorities as complete as it should be. In dealing with country conditions and with the anarchy that ruled in certain of the provinces, the writer makes no mention of Fléchier's most valuable book, "Les Grands Jours d'Auvergne." Again, in treating the intellectual and religious life of the time, she seems not to know a writer so significant as Saint-Evremont. As to the arts other than literature and the theatre, she devotes a few paragraphs to painting and engraving, but says nothing of music, although the seventeenth century was the age of Rameau, Lulli, and of Couperin, whose star is now so much in the ascendant in Paris. In short, Miss Hugon's book gives little of significance that the reader of French literature could not extract as well from the better-known plays, letters, poetry, and memoirs of the period, or from standard studies on special phases of her subject. A word of praise should be said for the illustrations which are all made from contemporary paintings and engravings, the latter including a number of Abraham Bosse's delightful representations of the life of the Parisian bourgeoisie.

In the preface to the "Life of James Cardinal Gibbons" (John Murphy Co.), issued to commemorate the fiftieth anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood, Allen S. Will alludes to the difficulty of writing a biography while its subject is still living, but insists that in its preparation he found no obstacles of the kind that might naturally be expected to arise. It is fair to say that the impression produced by his book is such that the reader is inclined to believe Mr. Will. His experience in newspaper work has given him a saving sense of proportion and a true instinct for actuality. His book is pleasant reading, and sets before us a very human and likeable personality. It has been the good fortune of Cardinal Gibbons to enjoy through his long life as primate of the American hierarchy not merely the respect, but also the genuine good-will of his non-Catholic fellow-citizens. And in running through Mr. Will's pages the reason is easily seen. An all-embracing charity and tolerance for persons, a clear-sighted, uncompromising tenacity in purpose and principle, together with an utterly modern—perhaps one might say American—frankness and directness of speech and action, are qualities which appeal strongly to the ordinary man; and with these qualities Cardinal Gibbons has been liberally dowered from the first. If one were limited to a single adjective which should distinctively characterize his influence upon men and movements of his time, "eirenic" would come as near the truth as any. Priest at twenty-seven, bishop at thirty-four, arch-bishop at forty-three, cardinal at fifty-two, he has for a generation headed the Roman Catholic Church in America, and has in his lifetime seen its marvellous growth under conditions of a freedom with which he has many times expressed his unqualified sympathy. Many important phases of American Catholic history find place in Mr. Will's biography, of which the cardinal may truthfully say *pars magna fui*, as for example the Knights of Labor dispute, "Cahenslyism," and the controversy over "Americanism." Not the least valuable quality of Mr. Will's work is his accurate and authoritative use of original sources in dealing with these matters which were so fiercely debated twenty or thirty years ago. The account of the Conclave in 1903 which elected the present Pope is especially interesting, inasmuch as it is virtually first-hand evidence and also because it discloses the part played by Cardinal Gibbons in overcoming the reluctance of Cardinal Sarto to accept election. These things belong to history, but one is disposed rather to linger upon the many anecdotes in the book which fill in details of personality. As characteristic as any is the following:

It is related of him that on one occasion, when passing through the streets with a visitor, they came to the door of a beautiful church, from which a large congregation was beginning to emerge. Archbishop Gibbons was saluted so often and gave so many salutes in return that his companion was moved to remark:

"You seem to be well acquainted in this parish?"

"Ah!" he replied, "these are our Episcopalian friends."

In his preface to "Love and Letters" (Sherman, French & Co.), Frederick Rowland Marvin quotes some lines of Fletcher's to the effect that his library is a glorious court where he hourly converses with the "old sages and philosophers." Perhaps it is, but this is in a rather higher strain than the matter of the present volume will bear. The nearer Mr. Marvin comes to being serious, the nearer he comes to being mawkish and silly. His occasional attempts to express a thought rudely interrupt the amiable and irresponsible flow of his bookish chatter. A taste for "curious" literature and a habit of collecting odd scraps of information have made of him an amateurish follower of Robert Burton, without much modifying the pure Philistinism of his original endowment. So, after fiddling along for eighty-eight pages about the loves of the poets, the impotence of men of letters, morganatic marriages, Greek courtesans, etc., with every indication of keen relish in salacious detail, he bursts on page eighty-nine into a short paragraph celebrating the "Supreme Affection" worthy alone to be called love: "Resplendent with the golden light of the City not builded with hands, it wears upon its brow the ineffable smile of its Creator." This praise of marriage is doubtless well meant, but it seems in this connection a little indecent. Of tea, books, tobacco, and the moderate cup he discourses divertingly enough in spite of the dizzying incoherency of his style, but even here he is not secure from an occasional lapse into morality. This note of discord is due to a confusion in Mr. Marvin's mind between the intellectual dissipations of a well-domesticated epicurean and the fruits of culture.

Of the many volumes on sport in India, few are so well-balanced as "Stalks in the Himalaya" (Lane), by E. P. Stebbing. The sportsman of any land will delight in the details of the hunting expeditions, and the traveller in these regions will find his memory refreshed by the vivid descriptions. The author is animated by an admirable enthusiasm for scenery and sport, tempered with a desire for moderate and judicious killing. In these pleasant hunting tales he leads us from the hot, placid stream of the lower levels, the haunt of wild buffaloes and marbled cats, upward until the stream becomes a mountain torrent which foams, darkly shadowed, through the narrow valleys, skirting gigantic rocks. Here the Himalayan bears, the serow, and the pheasants quench their thirst. Finally the birthplace of the stream, where its waters gush from beneath two great arches of ice, marks the end of the glacier which stretches up to the summit of the highest peaks upon the earth. Here we meet the snow leopard, the Markhor goat, and that most magnificent of wild sheep, the bharal. The writer's many "thumb-nail sketches" of bits of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

scenery and of animals are so crude as to be painful.

T. W. Rolleston's "Myths and Legends of the Celtic Race" (Crowell) is designed for the general reader for whom the heroic saga of the Celts looms vaguely as something one ought to know about. The fact is that few even of the very well-read could tell you offhand the story of Deirdre, the Irish Helen, and her ill-fated love for Naist, or of Cuchulain (Cuchullin), the Irish Achilles, and this in spite of Lady Gregory and Mr. Yeats, whose work in this field Mr. Rolleston does not mention. This vagueness about the Celtic heroes and heroines is due, of course, mainly to the fact that they have lacked a *vates sacer*. Tennyson's "Voyage of Maeldune" is labelled "An Irish Legend," but it was too slight to impress that wonder-voyage on the popular imagination. Another cause for their obscurity is that their names are so hard to pronounce, and even the members of the Gaelic League do not seem to have agreed how they shall be spelled. Guinevere herself, as Gwenhwyvar, which is her real name, could not have become a household word. We are apt to forget what a service the Latins did the Greeks in making us feel at home with their names or something resembling their names. But perhaps the cause lies deeper in the character of the saga itself. It is almost always a fairy saga, teeming with monsters and transformations. One wearies, though the Celts never wearied, of all this magic and illusion, and like the Greek Odysseus in the society of Calypso, we long for the normal. Who would linger over the adventures of a hero whose Berserker rage is such that his followers must "plunge him in a vat of cold water which had been made ready, but the water boiled around him, and the staves and hoops of the vat were burst asunder?" This is the lad Cuchulain. For this reason we do not recommend a consecutive reading of Mr. Rolleston's exhaustive work. His divisions of the saga and comparison of Gælic and Cymric legend are clear and interesting. The Irish were never, like the Cymry, romantic or sentimental. Religion and loyalty were their two ruling passions. The Celtic heroines go into battle, and more often than not woo the reluctant heroes. Deirdre is the most womanly of them all, and if she could be put into an opera like Parsifal, she might yet be rescued from comparative oblivion. The heroic traditions do not go very far back. The adventures of Cuchulain are supposed to have taken place about the time of the birth of Christ. The Ossianic Cycle falls in the third century A. D., and the bardic literature that preserves it is said to have been composed about the ninth or tenth century. Mr. Rolleston provides a useful glossary and index. The illustrations are grotesque, rather than impressive, and might well have been omitted.

With rare selective skill, Don C. Seitz, the author of "Surface Japan: Short Notes of a Swift Survey" (Harper), has reproduced in full-page color-pictures the common aspects of Japanese life. Bordered pages carry thumbnail sketches from Hokusai, side by side with dainty vistas of flowery fields, tea gardens, rice-ditch irrigation, and toil by day and night. The happy boy with a slice of watermelon, the two kittens on the samisen (three-stringed banjo), the tribulations of the baby that has put his hand in the cold bath, and the look of pity and amusement on the mother's face are inimitable. The text reveals a witty, whimsical, keen observer, who can appreciate a strange people, even while he prefers his own; he makes an old subject fresh and piques the interest even of the reader of many books on Japan.

"Pins and Pincushions" (Longmans) is the title chosen by the authors, E. D. Longman and S. Loch, for their serious study of the history of the pin from ancient to modern days. The word itself they try to derive from the Latin *spina*, a thorn, contrary to the usual opinion that it comes from the Latin *penna*. It is true, at any rate, that thorns were used for the purpose from earliest times, and it is interesting to learn that "quite recently, Gipsy Lee of Aldeburgh, in Suffolk (aged nearly a hundred years), wrote to her great-niece, living near Southwold, in the same county, asking her to send her some pin-thorns, as they were not procurable in her own neighborhood." Hairpins were not always bipeds, but became so, the authors think, when the fashion arose of "wearing the hair in curls close to the head." "In 1347, 12,000 pins were delivered from the royal wardrobe for one of the French princesses." About 1600, English pinmakers sent a petition to Lord Burghley asking for protection, since the cheaper varieties from abroad were throwing their men out of work. A little earlier than this we find that 1,000 white pins cost 8d., or about 75 cents. A chapter or so is given to the importance of pins in magic and witchcraft. A piece of bacon stuck full of pins was sometimes hung in the chimney to keep off witches, and the custom still persists in certain parts of England of trying to get revenge upon a person by sticking a waxen manikin with pins; earlier the same purpose was aimed at by using a poor toad. One of the ways to prove that a woman was not a witch was to prick her, in the hope that she might feel it—a method, be it said, that gave her greater chance of escape than the practice of throwing her into a pond and concluding that if she sank she was human, but if she floated she was the devil's own.

A book to prize is "Some Old Flemish Towns" (Moffat, Yard; $4 net), written and pictured by George Wharton Edwards. Coats-of-arms of the various cities, reproduced in color and reinforced against a rich dark blue background by artistic gilt lettering, make the cover itself a treasure. For some reason travellers are wont to pay less heed to Belgium than to Holland, feeling perhaps that it is neither one thing nor the other. Lying between the frontiers of Holland and France, it is often taken to be merely a mixture of French vivacity and Dutch picturesqueness. Mr. Edwards soon dispels such suspicions and reveals below the modern veneer of industrialism the ruggedness of the older civilization. As an artist who spent his student days there, Mr. Edwards knows the choice out-of-the-way bits and has the pride in their antiquity which is found to-day in the heart of every peasant. Fortresses and castles still stand that go back to before the ninth century, and popularly the towns retain their individualities. Dwellers for any length of time in that land will recall the song which reminds Ghent of its past glories and which the people sing lustily. The reader's interest is sure to be about equally divided between the gossipy text and the pictures. Some of these are in color, the frontispiece of a Flemish lady in the old costume being as pretty and decorative an insert as we have seen in a book for many a day; the majority are photogravures.

In "English Country Life" (McClurg) Walter Raymond tells how he settled down in a little village of Sutton to enjoy life and study rural types, and then treats us to a rare collection of anecdotes and character sketches. He is the true Spectator; but of the village tavern, instead of the London coffee house. He loves and understands nature without being sentimental about it, and he can sketch a vagabond with a touch of George Borrow's strange whimsicality. And there is over all an atmosphere of country freshness. The charm of the author's work is enhanced by the admirable printing and binding of the book, which contains also some tasteful illustrations in color.

As a rule, books of travel are interesting and novel in proportion as the author devotes himself to describing people and events, rather than landscapes, buildings, and the stock "sights" familiar to every tourist. Therein lies the secret of Borrow's charm, and Harry A. Franck, in "Four Months Afoot in Spain" (Century), has caught the manner of his predecessor. Only Borrow's religious cant is lacking, an omission which few will regret. For the rest, the formula is much the same. In his pages throng the muleteer, the torero, the hedge-priest, the blind beggar with his Lazarillo, and many another picaresque vagabond with whom he hobnobs with the freemasonry of the road. All these converse entertainingly and sometimes profoundly. They unwittingly lay bare the strength and the weakness of Spain. Those who have read "A Vagabond Journey Around the World" know with what resourcefulness the author solves his financial problems. To one who had earned his way through the Orient it was comparatively easy to spend four months in Spain on $172. It was merely a matter of denying himself luxuries which, for a traveller of Mr. Franck's stamp, would have deprived travel of all romance. Once on the way, neither pecuniary nor other worries disturb his care-free soul. Not even Kipling has better than he expressed the philosophy of the true "tramp royal":

> The joy of travel is not in arriving, but in setting forth, in moving onward; how fast matters little, where, even less, but ever on and on, forgetting, for the supremest satisfaction, that there is a goal to attain. Let a man wander away into unknown lands smiling with summer, his journey's end little more than conjecture, his day of arrival a matter of indifference, and if he feel not then the joy of the open road he may know for a certainty that he is a hug-the-hearth, and no gypsy and a vagabond.

In this happy-go-lucky spirit Mr. Franck traversed the provinces of Andalusia, Castile, Leon, the Asturias, the Basque country, Aragon, and Navarra, missing little worth the seeing. One thousand miles were covered afoot, as many more by train. The book contains ample evidence that its author is not always a vagabond, but one who in the intervals between his gypsy-like jaunts is a thoughtful student. But

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

on the whole it is plain that he better appreciates the art of the torero than that of the painter. Mr. Franck's style, if a bit too slangy, is vivid and picturesque. The accompanying illustrations are as unhackneyed as the text.

The death is reported from Paris, in his fifty-seventh year, of Maurice Montégut, who as a youth gave promise of literary power. Before he was of age he had published two volumes of verse,—"La Bohème sentimentale" and "Les Romans tragiques"—and a dramatic poem, "Lady Tempest." Since then he has written voluminously in most of the known types of literature.

Science

The Putnams, as agents of the Cambridge University Press, announce "Mathematical and Physical Papers," Volume VI, by Sir William Thomson, arranged and revised by Sir Joseph Larmor; Volume VI is devoted to voltaic theory, radioactivity, electrons, navigation, and tides.

According to a paper published recently by Marcel Baudouin, after a study of remains found at Vendrest in Seine-et-Marne, the ills of neolithic man were much what human ills are to-day. He discovered evidence of fractures, some of which had been set, cases of trepanning, deformed crania which were caused by the sort of coiffure then the style, and bone malformations. As might be suspected, the dental caries were only one-tenth as frequent as to-day.

The stockman's side of the dairy problem is well presented in "Dairy Cattle and Milk Production," by C. H. Eckles (Macmillan). The questions it discusses are as yet, over any given area, even near our cities, very imperfectly understood by the majority of farmers, but the book goes far to throw light on such subjects as the choice of breeds, the building up of a herd, the management of the cattle, and economic feeding. The tone of the book is scientific throughout, while at the same time its advice can be followed by any farmer with a little education and an intention to improve conditions. Presenting the experiment-station point of view and the results of research in clear and available form, this book should be of use to the younger generation of milk-producers.

In the Transactions of the American Philosophical Society at Philadelphia, C. P. Olivier publishes his studies of 175 parabolic orbits of meteors, a paper presented to the faculty of the University of Virginia for the degree of doctor of philosophy. The first observations were made in 1898, and above 6,000 are recorded, of which about one-third were made at the Lick Observatory. His results are painstaking and the summary announces proof of intimate connection between Halley's Comet and the Eta Aquarids. Stationary radiants appear to be rare, if they exist at all, and the change in position of the Perseid radiant from day to day is fully confirmed. He finds that the Orionids do not seem to have a stationary radiant, and that of the Leonids shows no appreciable change of position from day to day. Negative evidence seems to indicate that the existence of the so-called Alpha-Beta Perseids, except in August, is unconfirmed. By observing in a clearer atmosphere, meteors of the fourth magnitude are raised to the majority, while formerly more of the third magnitude were seen. Yellow meteors have the briefest visibility; red and orange somewhat longer times, while green and white are seen longest of all.

"Principles and Design of Aeroplanes" (Van Nostrand), by Herbert Chatley, is a pocket edition which gives the fundamental principles of the aeroplane in very simple language, and is useful for those who desire to know something about aviation without too serious study. The various parts of the aeroplane are shown and explained by diagrams and are discussed in short chapters; the chief fault lies in the fact that the information is almost too brief. Little books of this type should be encouraged in this country; in Europe they are far more common. There are doubtless many who would like to carry the information such a volume imparts to aviation meets or when travelling.

In a recent *Monthly Weather Review*, George W. Mindling and Andrew H. Palmer treat the question of artificial heating in its effect upon the climate of cities. Mr. Mindling's paper is founded upon statements by Reginald P. Bolton, president of the American Society of Heating and Ventilating Engineers, as to possible modification of weather conditions by the enormous fuel consumption in New York city. His contention is that the rapidly increasing consumption of fuel has reduced the number of days with a temperature at zero or below, and has increased the number of cloudless days. He also thinks it has lessened precipitation, particularly in winter months, as well as relative humidity of the air—the latter about seven per cent. Mr. Bolton's computations show that the amount of heat artificially produced in the city is sufficient to raise the temperature of the air nearly five degrees, Fahrenheit, a mile above the whole city—326 square miles. Mr. Mindling examines each of these statements in detail, and concludes that it is not the heat produced within buildings which is chiefly accountable for the higher temperatures in the heart of cities. The materials used in walls and pavements are contributory causes, as are differences in drainage and surface character. Natural movements of the air are obstructed by the position of buildings, and reflection of solar energy from walls counts for much in sheltered spaces. Many other proofs are adduced; and careful tables are compiled to show that conditions in villages and small cities follow much the same variation as New York with its far greater consumption of fuel. Mr. Palmer finds that half a century ago Luke Howard, an early observer, wrote that the temperature of London must not be taken for that of the climate, partaking as it does of artificial warmth, "induced by its structure, by a crowded population and the consumption of great quantities of fuel in fires." He quotes startling statements from Eaton and others, as to the amount of heat liberated in the city, and its effect in raising temperatures of the free air. To challenge these remarks, Mr. Palmer has made careful studies of weather reports, particularly at Blue Hill, in order to find, if possible, any change in the climate of Boston, artificially produced. Such he fails to discover, and data from the archives of the Paris Observatory fail equally to show any heating effect from the increasing amount of fuel burned. Negative results are reached also in the matter of precipitation. And his conclusion is virtually the same as Mr. Mindling's, that, "judging from the evidence available, the heat generated by great cities is not changing their climates in any appreciable degree."

Under the comprehensive title, "Birds in Literature" (Worcester, Mass.: The Davis Publishing Co.), Miss Abby P. Churchill presents short quotations from many of our best-known nature writers concerning some hundred species of American birds. The arrangement is alphabetical with reference to the birds: for example, the list is headed with the American bittern, with a quotation from Torrey. Next comes the crow blackbird, about whose habits and voice we find pertinent paragraphs by Merriam, Parkhurst, Burroughs, Nuttall, Miller, Emerson, and Lowell. Although nothing could be more disconnected, and, for serious bird work, useless, the volume has a decided literary charm. After a perusal of several volumes of extracts from old-world avian literature, we are glad to realize that there is sufficient material among our American authors for a similar anthology. The dozen stiff-limbed, glaring-plumaged birds portrayed in color plates might well have been omitted.

Archibald Cary Smith, one of the best-known yacht designers in this country, died last Friday, at the age of seventy-four. He designed the Mischief and Priscilla, which contended for the America's cup, the Meteor for Emperor William, and a number of steamboats. He was also noted for his marine paintings.

Sir Joseph Dalton Hooker, the surgeon and naturalist, died in London on Monday, at the age of ninety-four. In 1839 he accompanied Sir James Ross in an Antarctic expedition which continued until 1843. In 1847 he went to India to study the flora of the Himalayas, and later travelled as a naturalist through Eastern Bengal, Syria, Palestine, Morocco, the Rocky Mountains, and California. In 1865 he became director of the Royal Gardens at Kew. His writings include "Botany of the Antarctic Expedition," "Handbook of New Zealand Flora," "Himalayan Journal," "Students' British Flora," "The Rhododendrons of the Sikkim Himalaya, Morocco, and the Great Atlas," and "The Flora of British India."

Drama

Percy MacKaye's play in three acts, entitled "To-morrow," is promised by Stokes for January.

Louis N. Parker's comedy "Disraeli" has been published (Lane), and makes interesting reading. It is a great pity that Mr. Parker, with his gift of invention, his mastery of stage methods, and his considerable literary skill, should be so ready to sacrifice sense to cheap theatrical situation. With a little more thought, more respect for his subject, and more ambitious purpose, he might have written an historical comedy of dramatic and artistic consequence, instead

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of a smart theatrical piece, in which much veracious detail is lost in a mass of almost grotesquely absurd incident. Many of his personages are deftly sketched, and his dialogue is often exceedingly good, with plenty of snap and point, and a fair sprinkling of wit. Some of Disraeli's utterances are so characteristic that it is exasperating to come across others so tricky, purile, or inane. In this case, the excuse cannot be made that the vulgarization of the hero was necessary to meet the requirements of the impersonating actor, for the temperament and style of Mr. Arliss, for whom the part was written, are far better adapted to the interpretation of intellectual acumen than of any sort of heroics.

"The Marionettes," an English adaptation by Gladys Unger, of a French comedy by Pierre Wolff, which is now to be seen in the Lyceum Theatre, is the rehabilitation of one of the oldest of theatrical themes according to modern French ideas, and is too essentially Gallic in spirit not to suffer in the process of transplantation. In London it profited greatly by the personal charm of Marie Löhr and the ripe and polished skill of Sir John Hare, who found a most congenial part in the character of a simple, kindly, shrewd old uncle, the good genius of the heroine. Here the burden of the play—which, however, is well enough acted—rests mainly upon the shoulders of Madame Nazimova. Briefly, the tale is of a devout, timid, little convent-bred country girl, married, by parental command, to a gay young marquis, who soon tires of her shrinking modesty, ends by detesting her, and seeks recreation among the gayer and less scrupulous beauties of his bachelor acquaintance. Then the marquise transforms herself, by some subtle feminine magic, into a dazzling butterfly, arch, brilliant, provocative, and implacable. She encourages a lover to the danger point, and, at the crisis, has the satisfaction of finding her husband, desperate, ardent, and humbly remorseful, at her feet. The inevitable reconciliation follows. The whole play, in spite of its cleverness, is hopelessly artificial and theatrical in its plot and its personages, and offers no opportunities for acting of the higher and sincerer sort. Nor does Nazimova succeed in giving plausibility to the part of the heroine, Fernande, who is a bundle of radical inconsistencies. But she does furnish another proof of her own wide versatility, her rare power of diverse impersonation. The romantic ability displayed in her assumption of the shy novice—a character utterly different from anything she has yet attempted—was extraordinary. Her whole personality was subdued to the new conditions. Her conception was, perhaps, too artful to be entirely natural, but the executive expression of it was perfect in the minutest detail. As the dashing coquette she was, of course, in her own artistic element, and in the love scenes, where she was required to suggest the conflict between the impulse of pique and the dictates of her better nature, she played with subtlety and genuine feeling. But her performance only demonstrated anew the rich variety of her theatrical faculties. Beyond doubt she is a wonderful and most interesting performer. Whether she is a great actress is a question to be settled hereafter, when she has grappled with the deeper and nobler emotions of humanity.

The Irish Players, now in Maxine Elliott's Theatre, were seen to uncommon advantage in "Mixed Marriage," by St. John G. Irvine. This proved to be an exceedingly realistic comedy—culminating in unexpected, artificial, and unnecessary tragedy—showing the mischief wrought in Ireland by religious bigotry, and urging the virtues of toleration. The principal male character is a Protestant workman, who is willing to ignore his religious prejudices, in forming a strikers' combination against employers, but becomes a raving fanatic when asked to consent to his son's marriage with a Roman Catholic. When the family has been broken up by his violence and obstinacy, in spite of the active intervention of his wife as a persistent peacemaker, the intended bride is accidentally shot and killed in a riot, which is the direct consequence of his conduct. Nevertheless, as the curtain falls, he declares himself unrepentant. The final tragedy is ineffective and inartistic, because it is manifestly an expedient, not logically dependent upon the action or conflict in the drama, but three-fourths of the play consists of a vigorous and humorous exposition of the follies and perils of bigotry, and a most veracious study of Irish character. It is the most significant drama and the most truthful and significant reflection of Irish life and character yet given by these players.

Charles Hawtrey is going to revive Richard Ganthony's notable play, "A Message from Mars," for the Christmas season at the Prince of Wales's Theatre in London.

Gertrude Kingston, when she assumes the reins of management at the Little Theatre in London, means to start a theatrical school upon a large scale. Lectures by experts on dramatic literature, old and new, are to be a principal feature.

It has been announced already that Lillah McCarthy is to play the part of Jocasta in "Oedipus Rex," the first performance of which is to be given by Martin Harvey at Covent Garden Theatre, London, on January 15. Among other engagements are those of Louis Calvert for Creon and H. A. Saintsbury for Teiresias.

Among those English critics who are the most consistent supporters of the modern decadent drama almost any stick is good enough wherewith to beat a censor. Poor Mr. Redford, the Examiner of Plays, was vigorously abused for hesitating to grant a license for "La Vierge folle" of Henri Bataille, and abused worse than ever when he finally made up his mind to do so. This is the tale of an old married man—husband of a devoted wife—who seduces an innocent young girl, who finally kills herself with the pistol with which her brother would avenge her honor.

M. Trarieux's new play, "La Brebis perdue," which has just been produced at the Comédie Française in Paris, is a dramatization of Balzac's "Le Curé de village." Véronique Graslin, a beautiful and accomplished woman, has been married to a hideous old miser. She has the reputation of a saint. Actually, she is the mistress of a young peasant, Tascheron, who—at the end of the first act—tells her that he has borrowed a large sum of money, and makes arrangements to flee with her at midnight. But Tascheron has not borrowed the money; he has stolen it, and in stealing it has been the death of old Graslin and a servant. In the beginning of the second act, Véronique is a nervous wreck in her own home. Tascheron is in jail awaiting execution, and police are trying to discover the woman who has been his accomplice after the fact. Véronique's saintly reputation has been her shield against suspicion. Now she tries to save Tascheron from death, and even offers to marry the prosecutor if he will procure some mitigation of sentence; but her intercession is in vain. Then the Abbé Bonnet, the village priest who has been called to the murderer, enters her drawing-room, with the announcement that Tascheron is dead, after making full confession. What that confession was he dare not tell the friends assembled round the couch of the wretched Véronique. She knows; and the great moment in the play is when she stretches out her arms with a half-smothered cry of despair, and recalls the Abbé Bonnet as, last of all, he is leaving the room. A powerful scene ensues, in which the Abbé bids her to live and to devote the remainder of her life to real instead of conventional charity. In the presence of her little circle of devoted friends, she unfolds her terrible secret. Then she goes forth with the Abbé to labor among the poor in Tascheron's village, near Tascheron's grave on the hill.

Music

Musical Composition. By Charles Villiers Stanford. New York: The Macmillan Co. 90 cents net.

Among the hundreds of composers in this country there are not a few who might derive benefit from a perusal of this volume by one of the leading English (or, rather, Irish) composers. To the thousands of students in our conservatories, as well as in the increasing number of universities and colleges which are adopting music as a regular course qualifying for a degree, Stanford's "Musical Composition" will be invaluable; not as a substitute for the textbooks on harmony, counterpoint, form, and instrumentation now in use, but as complementary to them. For a quarter of a century Mr. Stanford has taught young men, some of whom have risen, and some of whom are rising, to eminence in their craft. In instructing them he has learned how to teach. He has also studied the methods by which the great composers were taught, or taught themselves, so far as the scant records permit; and he is thus enabled to present a series of illuminating chapters on technique, rhythm, melodies and their treatment, form, color, and the treatment of voices, different from those to be found in any other book.

Within comparatively recent times it has become the policy to put harmony before counterpoint. Mr. Stanford gives good reasons for his belief that the initial training should be horizon-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tal, and not perpendicular, and he gives illustrations showing the advantage of studying counterpoint (the interweaving of melodies) first, and through it of mastering harmony. Unlike most theorists, he not only states rules but explains why some of them are seemingly arbitrary; the forbidding of certain melodic steps, for example, being due to the fact that in early times such music was written only for unaccompanied voices which found it difficult to take such steps. While advising that students be made to study the strict model counterpoint, he relaxes sufficiently to urge the wisdom of letting them occasionally write music in any unfettered style, "to keep the engines of the brain oiled." For the study of rhythm he recommends as the best material the songs of Schubert, "which provide an amazing series of all sorts and kinds of figure in a short space."

The first attempt of a budding composer usually takes the form of writing song. He does not know that "to write a good song is one of the most difficult tasks which a composer can set himself." Sir Villiers gives his reasons for this statement—reasons which, if generally known, might have two much-desired effects: they would tend to reduce the excessive yearly output of new songs on the one hand, and on the other, they would emphasize the truth that musical genius is not to be measured with a yard-stick, and that there may be infinitely more of it in a short song by Franz, Grieg, or MacDowell than in a long symphony or oratorio—an admonition greatly needed, especially by musical critics and professional musicians in general.

Beethoven's sketch-books, in which one can trace his improvements in melody, rhythm, and harmony, in some cases through more than a dozen changes, are specially recommended by the author for study, and he finds a great deal to enlarge on in the advice Wagner puts into Hans Sachs's mouth in the "Meistersinger." Particularly interesting are the pages in which Wagner's indebtedness to Spohr in the matter of chromatics is dwelt on, as well as his gradual emancipation therefrom. The followers of Debussy, who are so proud of his use of the whole-tone scale, will not be pleased with what Sir Villiers has to say on this subject. For details we must refer to the book, but here is the substance:

> The student of some interesting modern developments will also speedily discover that the adoption of the so-called whole-tone scale as a basis of music is, except upon a keyed instrument tuned to the compromise of equal temperament, unnatural and impossible. . . . It is a curious commentary upon this question that Wagner, in the opening of the third act of "Tristan" (bars 6 to 10) experimented with the whole-tone scale, and drew his pen through it, as was to be expected from a composer whose every work proves the writer to have had the pure scale inbred in him.

Of the Liszt Centenary concerts so far given none has made a deeper impression than the performance of "The Legend of St. Elizabeth" by the MacDowell Chorus, under the direction of Kurt Schindler. The chorus had been increased by the addition of a boy choir; the soloists were satisfactory, and Kurt Schindler conducted the difficult oratorio with a skill and a deep insight into its spiritual and dramatic qualities that stamped him as a great leader. He had also wisely made some excisions, but hardly enough of them. As a two-hour oratorio, "St. Elizabeth" makes an entertainment equal in interest to any work of its class except the passions of Bach and two or three of Handel's oratorios. That it should have been neglected by local choral societies is hardly to be regretted in view of their usually slovenly productions. The MacDowell chorus is a new organization and from it we may safely expect performances which will ere long make the word oratorio cease to be a danger signal to those in search of an evening's entertainment.

When Sir Edward Elgar three years ago produced his first symphony, all England, with patriotic pride, proclaimed it a masterwork, and, in the number of performances it had in one season, it broke all symphonic records. By contrast, when he conducted his new second symphony, last May, there was a small audience to hear it, the critics damned it with faint praise, and little more was heard of it. Nevertheless, Walter Damrosch, who had placed the first symphony on one of his programmes and afterward repeated it, had the courage of producing, last Sunday, the second, also. He deemed it expedient to expatiate for nearly half an hour on the correlation of the whole symphony with one of Shelley's poems—an ailiance which the composer himself, who is not a believer in programme music, had not intended or indicated, although he had chosen two lines of the poem as a motto. The conductor's talk served to interest the audience in the moods which the four movements were supposed to express, and also helped to distract attention from the poverty of invention which characterizes this score, as it does most of Elgar's works. Wagner complained a number of years ago that Berlioz, by teaching so many new tricks of orchestration, had made it possible for composers who have little or nothing to say, to do it with such brilliancy and variety of coloring that an audience is easily deceived and made to hail a shallow new piece as a masterwork. Elgar has learned this art thoroughly; he is a master colorist, and in listening to his music one cannot but enjoy the alternate delicacy and richness of his tints; but all the time one misses real inspiration. Were his gift of creating new melodies as conspicuous as his skill in orchestration he would be one of the great masters.

Only eight operas will be performed this season at the Scala in Milan, Italy's leading opera house. They are Humperdinck's "Königskinder," Wagner's "Meistersinger," Bellini's "Norma," Nicolai's "Merry Wives of Windsor," Mascagni's "Isabel," Rimsky-Korsakov's "Ivan the Terrible," Gluck's "Armida," the "Ariane et Barbe Bleue" of Dukas, and "Loreley," by Catalani. The Milanese will be lucky to hear Chaliapine in the Russian opera included in this list.

Art

THE PRESENT STATE OF ART.

Ethnologists have a handy way of classifying mankind by the longness or shortness of the head, and in the uncertainty that has beset me as a critic I have sometimes wished that so impersonal a test might be applied to artists. Spiritually at least, I am confident that the painters of the great periods would show a startling preponderance of long heads. Your Titians, Claudes, Rubenses, Constables, Millets, Wattses, Manets seem to have been patient, well-conducted men of a considerable shrewdness and intellectuality, at peace with a *bourgeois* world, and quite devoid of that cultivated instability which we too much dignify by the name of the artistic temperament. In fact, until very recent times the artistic temperament seems to have been proper only to the irritable race of poets. The troubadours had it, or at least so pretended, and the whole line of despairing rhymesters finds an authentic forefather in Petrarch. A kind of short-headedness, indicating a surplus of the moonshiny qualities, was permissible and even expected in poets centuries before the painters ventured to regard themselves as erratic geniuses. The first of this type apparently was the mercurial Leonardo da Vinci, yet he contrived to enlist wealthy patrons in his sublime vagaries with the astuteness of a new-style promoter. Mind is, after all, the ruling part of him. But let us accept him as the real transmitter of the artistic temperament, and we shall have to jump more than three centuries before we find his example generally followed. The full-fledged conception of the painter as a self-sufficing genius in a world unworthy of him is a dogma of quite recent romanticism, and, incidentally, the romantic apotheosis of the artist heralded some of the worst art the world has ever seen.

Of course, a kind of roundheadedness, a state in which impulse and intellect, because both are weak, balance comfortably, has ever been the rule. But the world has probably never produced artistic roundheads so generously as about two generations ago. For a time the demand kept pace with the supply: those were the golden days of the Institute of France, the Royal Academy, and the Hudson River School. Then came sudden revolt and disgust. It became imperative for the artist to detach himself from the roundheads. Unhappily, the tradition of longheadedness had been broken. That of shortheadedness

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was still very much alive, and for a generation past most artistic heads of any account have been worn short.

I.

The reader who has had the patience to follow this phrenological metaphor will now understand the singularly isolated position of the modern artist. Rejecting the banalities of the schools, he paints as if he were the only man in the world. The rare critic or patron who looks in on him praises this individualism. The painter is warned not to compromise; he becomes ashamed to own a master or an influence. By single-handed effort he must not merely find what he has to express, but also discover for himself the immensely delicate and complicated procedures of his art. Contrast this condition of unaided individualism with that of those old artists who at a tender age fully commanded the traditional resources of their craft, and throughout served a general taste that they both shared and led. Surely, it is not surprising that we have so many bad artists; that we still have any good ones at all is an eloquent testimony to the indestructible vitality of the creative impulse.

I must repeat that the superiority of the old masters did not imply isolation. Their mastery of vision and execution made them better, not worse, interpreters of widely shared feelings. They got inspiration from pretty much the whole of the life about them. Only the poorer sort were specialists. What was Titian's specialty; or Rubens's? The modern painter, on the contrary, is generally a specialist in landscape. And here, I believe, his choice is often less temperamental than forced. Nature is the logical solace of the man who finds himself ill-adjusted to society, and landscape painting is in many cases rather an evasion and a retreat than a true vocation. Admitting that a deep concern with nature is characteristic of our time, the actual production of landscapes is out of all proportion to the real interest in the subject. Whoever doubts this wide discrepancy between the preferences of the artists and those of their natural patrons need only inquire, How many landscapes are painted? how many sold? Of this overproduction Eugène Fromentin justly remarked that it constituted "an extremely curious problem in political economy." I may add in sociology.

Finding himself shut off from the common concerns of his times, the landscape painter often attempts a still more radical evasion. Under the spell of bare vision and fearing to blunt the keen edge of impression with memory of any sort, the artist sternly isolates his times of seeing and painting. By a voluntary effort, the personality is all but reduced to a succession of visual and executive states without apparent coherence. The picture becomes merely the swiftest possible record of something momentarily seen. The slightest infusion of memory will spoil the picture. If the eye or hand for a moment flag, the creative spell is hopelessly broken. The artist may, to be sure, pull himself together, but that means only that a new picture has supervened. Painting of this sort inevitably savors of the sketch. There is no time for details, and painters of this type often profess to see and render not objects, but an all-enveloping irradiation of light. Such, of course, is the meaning of Monet's Haystacks and Cathedrals; they are mere recorders of evanescent effects of illumination. In fact, the essence of impressionism lies, not in technical recipes of any sort, nor yet in subject matter, but in this endeavor to isolate and enhance the creative moment, preserving at all costs the innocence of the eye and reducing the life artistic to a series of keen but disconnected emergencies.

This, I believe, has been the ideal and measurably the practice of most of the strongest artists since Edouard Manet. Lest I seem to impute unfairly this dogma of the isolated impression, let me cite a pair of witnesses. The etcher, Cadwallader Washburn, in a recent number of the *Print-Collector's Quarterly*, writes charmingly of his boyish appreciation of nature:

> My mind, clear, free, and deeply enthralled with Nature, was destined to receive impressions exceptional for the absence of affectation. Nature appealed to the impressionable boy with all her intimate charms, untrammelled by association of ideas or of preoccupation by Art and her attributes.

The difficulty is, Mr. Washburn continues, to maintain this ingenuous attitude. This confessional passage is confirmed by Professor Ostwald's parting counsel in that suggestive little book "Letters to a Painter." In words that Manet himself might have uttered, Professor Ostwald concludes:

> The artist must continually force his eyes and his consciousness to lay aside the habit of the mental transformation of visual impressions, so necessary for the practical side of every-day life. He must train himself to see only patches of color without regard to what they really represent.

Such is the modern theory of artistic vision. I have not hesitated to develop it at some length since it is fundamental, and productive of all the specific spiritual and technical qualities of our art. Clearly the painter, as executive minute-man, cannot be a traditionalist, and must make once for all the waiver of traditional merits implying, with reflection, delay. Among such jettisoned qualities are fine and complicated arrangement, and any grace of color not attainable by first intention. Patience in the past has meant the revision of first intentions. To the modern artist this would mean mixing several pictures on one canvas. His patience consists in the courage to abandon an unpromising beginning and start fresh. How consistent this attitude is appears from the fact that the need of swift and uninterrupted execution has evoked an appropriate technique—the much vaunted direct method. Here nothing is implied that need affright the layman. To paint directly is merely to lay colors alongside of each other and not on top of each other. The latter procedure involves waiting for the under coat to dry. Such delay is abhorrent to modern notions of the picture. Time is of the essence. Señor Sorolla is said occasionally to let the sun go down upon one of his big canvases unfinished, but not often. The innocence of the eye, swift execution, the direct method—these are our modern contribution to the theory and practice of painting. What is new, however, is less the doctrine than its formulation and general acceptance. There have been many swift and ingenuous painters in the past—Hals, Velasquez in certain phases, the fantastic Greco, the luminous Guardi. These precursors of the direct method are tactitly excepted from the ban that forbids traditionalism. In short, the new theory of the picture has naturally not been wholly rigid. Yet the tendency of the past generation, emphasized today by the Post-Impressionists, has been towards an individualism wholly self-sufficing and anarchical.

II.

The criticism of this theory involves a purely æsthetic and a merely technical inquiry—is momentary vision æsthetically the best? Is memory the foe of the painter or his friend? is the most satisfying art a composite record of many states subordinated to a single continuous intention? or is it the product of an isolated ecstatic moment? This is the line of æsthetic approach. The technical issue is simpler: is the direct method of painting—the method of Zorn and Liebermann, of Sorolla and Besnard, of Wilson Steel and Childe Hassam—essentially adapted to modern needs of expression and superior to the historic methods now disused? As if to answer these questions, Kenyon Cox has published the six lectures recently delivered at Chicago on the Scammon foundation.* For years nothing so clear and cogent on general principles of art has come under the eye of the present writer. Let me quote with occasional interpolations that definition of the classic spirit which is the arraignment of most modern painting:

> The Classic Spirit is the disinterested search for perfection [this would seem ambiguous—a Post-Impressionist could sail under that device], it is the love of reasonableness and self-control [the im-

**The Classic Point of View.* By Kenyon Cox. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50 net.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pressionist might claim these qualities for his keen observations and swift notations], it is, above all, the love of permanence and of continuity. [Here we part company with the seekers for transient effects and studied discontinuity.] It asks of a work of art, not that it shall be novel and effective [presumably, however, the Classic Spirit is not committed to the *genre ennuyeux*], but that it shall be fine and noble. It seeks not merely to express individuality or emotion, but to express disciplined emotion and individuality restrained by law. [Such doctrine is poison to the neo-romantic artist.] It strives for the essential rather than the accidental, the eternal rather than the momentary—loves impersonality rather than personality, and feels more power in the orderly succession of the hours and the seasons than in the violence of earthquake or of storm. And it loves to steep itself in tradition. It would have each work connect itself in the mind of him who sees it with all the noble and lovely works of the past, bringing them to his memory and making their beauty and charm a part of the beauty and charm before him.

This eloquent *credo* of Mr. Cox leaves me little to do by way of further criticism of the modern theory of the picture. Memory, he insists, is at every point an enricher of art. Creatively, the work is the better the wider its associations. More surprisingly yet, Mr. Cox feels that such associations are as well a distinct aid to appreciation. Rankest heresy this. That the vision of the feeblest work of art should shut out all other impressions whatsoever is law and gospel among painters today. Why, the inevitable and clarifying analogies that come to a critic are frequently set down to lack of essential sympathy and culpable failure to keep his eye on the object. Mr. Cox's statement will seem violently reactionary. I expect to see him mocked as a hopeless academic. That will only show how far we are sunk to-day in neo-romantic individualism. To every great artist from Giotto to Constable such assertions of the dignity of traditionalism and the need of social approval would have seemed truistic. I know that Professor Saintsbury and other critics believe that in comparatively recent times we have made the momentous discovery of the self-sufficing human soul. I shall have more confidence in the value of that discovery when I find any anarchical genius display the depth, richness, and range of the least of the humble giants of the past. When I do find a modern of this breadth I find an avowed traditionalist. There is Delacroix delving in the Venetians and learning daily from that Rubens who, while repelling, enthralled; Watts sitting at the feet of Titian, Raphael, and Michelangelo; Millet bred out of Virgil and the Bible, adorer of Poussin and Correggio; even Manet, highest type of the individualist painter, craved recognition, and sobered his extraordinary vision in communion with Velasquez. And at home, if we especially prize the interiors of Tarbell, is it because he has tempered his irritably intense vision under the influence of such serene intimists as Chardin and Vermeer? Nor can I believe that the lovely spacing of Homer Martin was attained without some reflection on the designs of Claude. And carrying the theme into the field of letters, have we not all marked the waning of the anarchical star of Shelley and the steady ascendency of that devout traditionalist Keats? No, the individualists are of yesterday, and they have produced absolutely nothing to warrant the assumption that the relation of the artist to himself and his world has altered for the better. In fact, all visible evidence points the other way, and the fact that such evidently just and humane thinking as Mr. Cox's should be on the defensive is merely the sign of a general waiver of social standards and of a particular flaccidity of æsthetic opinion.

I cannot leave the dogma of the work of art as the vivid expression of a momentary state without noting that it is merely a tardy echo of a famous literary fallacy. It was Edgar Allan Poe who, with customary lucidity, made the logical application of the romantic doctrine of unchecked individualism. In the admirable lecture on "The Poetic Principle" Poe maintained that there can be no such thing as a long poem since the creative impulse is brief in the poet, and attentive ecstasy brief in the hearer. This brilliant generalization—on the whole, the most trenchant dictum of romantic criticism—had only the defect of identifying art with lyrism. Nobody will question the value of the lyrical mood, but no sensible person will follow Poe in tolerating the "Iliad," as after all a series of rather decent short poems. Similarly, it should be possible to admire the nervous beauty of a Manet without blindness to the thoughtful and elaborate perfection of Puvis's Wood of the Muses or Raphael's School of Athens. Moreover, if any comparison is to be made between the lyric and the epic perfection, the epic will appear more admirable as more broadly human, more various in appeal, and far rarer in occurrence. It was the enormities perpetrated in the name of the epic that exasperated Poe, and, concededly, lyrical failure is less appalling. But this obvious advantage that lyrism shares with all less ambitious emprises is more than offset by the fact that the epic *manqué* rarely fools anybody, whereas many of us spend our entire lives in a condition of emotional befuddlement by the false lyric.

III.

I hope I have not seemed wholly to condemn the current fashion of vivid isolated vision. On the contrary, I regard it as the beginning of artistic righteousness. I see, too—and here I could wish a more sympathetic attitude in Mr. Cox—that the recent fetishism of the retina was a quite natural and necessary reaction from a pitiful dispensation that had virtually forgotten how to see. But I am also convinced that impressionism in the broader sense is a juvenile phase—a means not an end, and that a really adult painter will regard the hard won innocence of the eye merely as one indispensable item in a comprehensive human equipment. There is no reason why the present neo-romantic individualism should not become a disciplinary stage to a genuine and idiomatically modern classicism. But before this ascent is effected, there must be much unstiffening of anarchical dogma, all the more stubbornly because unconsciously held.

Establish the spirit and it will readily find its own methods. Indeed, the present direct and opaque method of painting exactly meets the needs of him who has nothing more to express than what may be quickly seen and brusquely asserted. At all periods of oil painting, the direct method has been used for sketches. It is only of late that what are in conception and execution sketches have been offered as definitive works of art. On this whole matter of technique, Mr. Cox has an instructive chapter in which he analyzes the methods of Titian, Rubens, and Paolo Veronese. That we should return to some form of monochrome underpainting with transparent glazes above is his conclusion. It is noteworthy that Professor Ostwald, who approaches the question from the point of view of optics and maximum color effect, agrees with Mr. Cox that the finest qualities of oil painting imply building up with transparent colors upon a proper preparation. And, as if to confirm the view, the accomplished painter-critic, Roger E. Fry, has recently advocated tempera as more fitted than oils to the brittle method by which reflected light is now usually rendered. Actual experiment in England, Bavaria, and Austria seems to bear him out. Into these strictly professional mysteries, a layman must enter cautiously.

I cannot agree with Mr. Cox that the direct method is in itself flimsier than the double painting he advocates. In all of art, I can think of no painting more tonically satisfying as to mass and place than that of Manet. And I doubt if any weakling in the direct method would develop strength by adopting the perfect formula of Veronese. My eye agrees with Mr. Cox's in feeling much of modern landscape painting bleak and chalky in effect. The restlessness of the method is undeniable. I take something less than complete pleasure in such able work as that of Ernest Lawson, surely one of the most skilful devotees of impressionistic vision and the direct method—it is because I think he scores too many points in a picture and asserts trifles too brusquely. Here,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

too, the method may not be at fault. Monet's London pictures and lily pools are of serenest charm, though directly painted. Still, on the whole, there is virtue in Mr. Cox's plea for painting in two stages. That would force delay, and at least open the possibility of reflection. It would revive certain lost beauties of transparent color, make for suavity, and offset the tendency towards strident assertiveness. That our few really imaginative painters have declined to live by the shibboleth of directness is significant. Albert Ryder, A. B. Davies, Brush, have experimented widely, and often build up the color, with the gradualness of a lacquer technique. Alden Weir shows in his latest and best work an interesting dualism. His landscapes, I believe, are directly painted; his figures show an elaborate interweaving and overlaying of color that cannot be described as a direct process. Cottet, as his art has broadened, shows a similar development. In short, the experimental period dominated by Manet and Monet is likely to end in more subtle and traditional ways of achieving the glow of broken color and procuring effects of specific illumination. The desire for a more complicated and thoughtful beauty will send men back to the approved and civilized technical formulas as it once sent Constable, Delacroix, Millet. And these examples sufficiently prove that an intelligent traditionalism is often the shortest road to artistic self-realization.

IV.

This essay would be incomplete without a word on the newest development in Paris, where a stale art is being violently rejuvenated.

The Post-Impressionists have carried the current dogma of æsthetic anarchy a point further, and thus have attained a logicality at once complete and absurd. Already art had been reduced to a vividly quick transaction between the individual soul and nature. Now nature is abolished and the soul communes spasmodically with itself. Color, for Matisse and his disciples, is no longer representative of anything in nature, but is an immediate symbolic expression of an inner emotion. Beyond this, the Post-Impressionists seek utmost simplicity and continuity of contour. They realize with Stendhal that the spectator has "only a certain quantity of attention," and they grasp at that modicum with resolute vehemence. Literalism of whatever sort is their abhorrence. Knowing this work only in fragmentary examples, I am loath to follow Mr. Cox in his sweeping denunciation of the movement. Matisse, whose more ambitious things strike me as so many gravely compiled puerilities, seems to me also a powerful and original draughtsman. I think he will so impress any person who is content to judge the work without prejudice: by its feeling. Gauguin, though pitifully uneven, had decorative moments of rare primitiveness and effectiveness. Cézanne, who hardly is of the group, in his grasp of mass and saturation of color had objective and undeniable merits of a high order. Yet, broadly speaking, the movement seems to me based on false and confused axioms and to have produced no works of art worthy of the accruing critical pother. The theory of immediate personal expression in unnatural color seems to be based on false analogies. A seraph is red, or a Tibetan love-god, for a sound ecclesiastical reason. The convention is social. Of conventions improvised in the void of isolated personality I am distrustful. Such symbolism partakes of caprice. It is at best mildly clever, like Arthur Rimbaud's famous reading of the colors of the vowels. And Post-Impressionism is not even constant to its own solipsism. It substitutes for the anti-traditionalism of the true impressionists a cult of barbaric simplicity. The outlines of neolithic cave-man, the paintings of the African Bushmen—these are the latterday Grecian examples. This cult of the primitive is, as Prof. Irving Babbitt has interestingly noted in "The New Laokoön," one of the plainest stigmata of romantic hypertrophy of the ego.

In its disgust with prevailing cheap naturalism I thoroughly sympathize with the new movement; I conceive it may revive some simpler and more energetic forms, but I fail to see in it any large hope. The ailment of modern art is isolation from the choicer social forces, and a consequent overvaluation of the mere idiosyncrasy of the artist. There have been good and promise in the impressionist movement only because the artist, though eschewing social discipline and support, yet has had the restraint of a fanatical fealty to certain natural appearances. This single remaining external discipline Post-Impressionism seeks to abolish. I need hardly argue that the cure for exaggerated individualism of whatever sort is not a more exclusive self-consciousness, but a generous conformity to the best feelings of our fellow-men. As Fromentin, surveying the art of France, nearly fifty years ago, wrote: "We must hope for a kind of miraculous purification in the atmosphere of society or in the air of studios." And possibly the studios must take the initiative, for while our society is merely ignorant and without standards, our artists, the average and the extreme alike, are largely committed to standards either partial or palpably false.

Frank Jewett Mather, jr.

Princeton, N. J.

"Meissonier" and "Puvis de Chavannes" will soon be added by Stokes to the Masterpieces in Color series.

"Memoirs of the Life and Works of Jean-Antoine Houdon," by Charles Henry Hart and Edward Biddle, will be brought out shortly by the De Vinne Press of New York on hand-made paper with plates. Two hundred and fifty numbered copies will be printed at a subscription price of $15 net—after publication, $20 net.

"Albrecht Dürer," in the Great Engravers series, edited by A. M. Hind (Stokes), is a squarish book neatly bound in cartridge boards and containing seventy-five good process facsimiles. Of these something more than a third are of woodcuts. A brief chronological note gives the main facts of Dürer's life. This attractive little album is equally eligible for the table of the amateur or the shelves of the young student.

The monument which Jacob Epsteiñ is making for the tomb of Oscar Wilde will be erected next spring at Père Lachaise.

Thomas Ball, the sculptor, died on Monday. He outlived all the American sculptors who attained prominence in the last half of the nineteenth century, and reached a greater age than any of his contemporaries. He was born in Charlestown, Mass., in 1819, and was the son of Thomas Ball, a house and sign painter. Mr. Ball first turned his attention to painting, and in 1851 took up sculpture, his earliest work in that line being a bust of Jenny Lind. From 1865 to 1897, he lived in Florence, being a member of the colony that included the Brownings and Hiram Powers. He then returned to this country, and in 1898 took up his residence in Montclair, living in a beautiful Italian villa. Mr. Ball's work as a sculptor is shown in many of the cities of the United States, the most notable examples being the equestrian statue of Washington in the Public Gardens at Boston, the Lincoln emancipation group in Washington, a statue of Gov. Andrew at the State House in Boston, a statue of Daniel Webster in Central Park, a statue of Edwin Forrest as Coriolanus in the Actors' Home, Philadelphia, a statue of Josiah Quincy in front of the City Hall at Boston, a statue of Charles Sumner in the Public Gardens at Boston, and a large figure of Washington in Methuen, Mass. Mr. Ball completed in 1905 a work of art on which he had been laboring for fifty-two years—a painting entitled "Christ in the House of Martha and Mary." This picture he started about the time he had decided to abandon painting for sculpture. The picture now hangs in the Couper home, as does a painting of Mr. Ball's mother. The sculptor wrote an autobiography, "My Threescore Years and Ten," which was his chief essay in the literary field, although he was the author of several lyrics and minor poems.

The death is reported from London of Adolph Grose, the sculptor and etcher. He was born at Dijon, France, in 1837, but went to England and became a British subject. For his paintings, Stoning of St. Stephen and Amende Honorable, he won medals at the Salon in 1867 and 1868, respectively.

Tony-Robert Fleury is dead in Paris; he was once president of the Société des Artistes Français.

Prof. Hugo von Tschudi, the director of the Bavarian National Galleries at Munich, is dead at Cannstadt, aged sixty. Until 1909 he was director of the National Gallery at Berlin. Among his numerous writings is a life of Mendel.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Finance

WALL STREET AND THE ANTI-TRUST LITIGATION.

Many signs of the day have indicated that Wall Street markets are as deeply interested as they ever were in the problems raised by the anti-Trust litigation; but there are also signs to show something like a change in attitude towards the question. No doubt the fact that Stock Exchange prices rose violently after the news of the Steel Trust prosecution, instead of breaking disastrously, is somewhat responsible for the more tolerant view of the Attorney-General's activities. This made it harder, at any rate, to make effective use of the Anti-Trust law as the bugbear of finance.

But this calmer mood also gave opportunity for the financial community to turn over again in mind certain former convictions of its own on the subject. The Wall Street of 1902, if one excepts the great promoting and banking interests, was hostile to the huge company amalgamations, both because of the disappearance, in the mergers, of prosperous independent corporations much favored by investors, and because of the enormous financial power acquired by individuals. The Wall Street of 1903 and 1906 and 1909 was genuinely mistrustful of them, because it saw the controlling interests engaging their corporations in the most dangerous sort of financial experiment, with exceedingly bad results. The Wall Street of 1908 was alternately perplexed and irritated at Judge Gary's theory that supply and demand ought no longer to govern prices of commodities, but that some one should fix them arbitrarily with the promise that prices should be fair. These reflections of the past are perhaps instinctively recalled, now that even the Steel Trust's legality has been challenged and the markets continued undisturbed.

Even more contributory, perhaps, to the changing view of the Anti-Trust law has been the final settlement of the question how Trusts must be dissolved. So long as the possibility existed that the Tobacco Trust dissolution might be so prescribed as to break the combination of companies into minute parts, and thus provide precedent for similar treatment of the Steel Trust, investors of every sort were bound to be uneasy. The independent tobacco interests urged such a form of dissolution unsuccessfully on the Attorney-General and the Circuit Court; last week they made their last application to the Supreme Court itself, presenting a petition for the reopening of the case, the review of the Circuit Court's decree, and the admission, as parties in the case, of the independent manufacturers known as the American Leaf Tobacco Board.

On Monday of the present week, the Supreme Court denied the independents' petition. The Chief Justice tersely stated the reason for that refusal, in the following memorandum:

(1.) One who is not a party to a record and judgment is not entitled to appeal therefrom.

(2.) The action of the court below in refusing to permit the movers to become parties to the record is not susceptible of being reviewed by this court, on appeal or indirectly, under the circumstances here disclosed by the writ of mandamus.

(3.) The general nature and character of the interest which the movers allege they have in the papers filed is not in any event of such a character as to authorize them in this proceeding to assail the action of the court below. This is more obvious in this case since the act of the court which is assailed has been accepted by those who are parties to the record.

A moment's consideration ought to show why this attitude towards such petitions is absolutely necessary. The tobacco independents had not sued the Tobacco Trust; they were neither *plaintiff nor defendant in the case*. The Government on the one side, and the Trust, its corporate members, and its individual promoters on the other, were the only parties formally in the case at any stage of the litigation. But if the Supreme Court were to set up the precedent of reopening, at the behest of outside parties, a suit which had been settled in the lower court, and in the settlement of which both plaintiff and defendant had acquiesced, an endless vista of irregular and protracted litigation, in a thousand other conceivable cases, would be opened.

Two arguments have been advanced in favor of stretching rule and precedent in behalf of the tobacco independents. One was that the Circuit Court's decree of dissolution did not create, as the Supreme Court had ordered, "a new condition which shall be honestly in harmony with and not repugnant to the law." The other was that the independents had had no other way to get a *hearing in a decision affecting their* own trade interests. To the first, the sufficiently obvious answer is that a court of proper jurisdiction and the prosecuting officer of the Government had agreed that the existing plan of dissolution is in harmony with the law. To the second, it must be said that any independent manufacturer had the opportunity, under the Anti-Trust law, to enter suit for damages against the Trust and to introduce all his evidence in that suit. And to this may well be added President Taft's remark of last week upon the subject:

Those critics who speak of this disintegration in the Trust as a mere change of garments have not given consideration to the inevitable working of the decree, and understand little the personal danger of attempting to evade or set at naught the solemn injunction of a court whose object is made plain by the decree and whose inhibitions are set forth with a detail and comprehensiveness unexampled in the history of equity jurisprudence.

But whether Wall Street as a whole is or is not changing its attitude towards the Anti-Trust law, the attitude in certain circles of large finance has not changed at all. An interview with President Vanderlip of the National City Bank, on "What is the matter with business?" was published last week by the *Outlook*. It took the ground that all the present financial and industrial unsettlement is due to the anti-Trust litigation, and that very much worse conditions in finance and trade are immediately impending as a result of it.

It would be interesting, to Wall Street at any rate, to know when the interview was given—whether, for instance, in the last week of October, when the Steel Trust suit was entered and financial markets looked for a coming catastrophe, or three or four weeks later, when a rush of postponed orders descended on the steel trade, the stock market had risen 15 or 20 per cent., and when people began to say that business might be near the turn. This question would be unfair but for Mr. Vanderlip's flat assertion that "it is pretty generally agreed that business has ahead the most serious situation since you or I have been observers"—with the single exception made of the Bryan campaign of 1896. On Thursday evening, October 26, that was perhaps the actual opinion of the community, and it lasted just four days. As a statement of what was generally agreed in the manufacturing centres, in the distributing markets, or in Wall Street, four weeks ago, two weeks ago, or this present week, it is singularly beside the fact.

But President Vanderlip may be right, and people like Mr. King of the Jones & Laughlin, and Mr. Topping of the Republic Steel, may be wrong. We have often enough seen false starts in trade activity and senseless "bull movements" in Wall Street. The true philosopher, having fixed his own opinion of the future, stands on it, unmoved by such transient influences as these; and that may easily be the case with the interview in question. But it did not stop with this. It was its further statements—that the enforcement of the Anti-Trust law, beginning in earnest in 1902, "raised the sign 'No Thoroughfare' across the path of business"; that "vastly greater damage to the people and the country is resulting from the assault upon the economic laws of business," through the Sherman law, "than from any incidental restraint on the principle of competition"; that "to compel us to reduce the size of our industrial units would hopelessly handicap us in the race with our commercial rivals," and that the law would "force business to wheel aroun in its tracks

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and return to the status of fifty years ago"—which caused in Wall Street, first astonishment and then something like derision, over Mr. Vanderlip's line of thought.

There was a Wall Street group in 1903, when Northern Securities was defeated in the suit but when a brilliant crop report was issued, whose immediate comment was, "What is the use of a bumper wheat crop *now?*" There was a probably larger group in 1907, when a world-wide panic, following world-wide overstrain on capital, had swept over Egypt, Japan, Chili, and Germany, and at last had broken on Wall Street, whose only explanation was that "Roosevelt did it all." When Mr. Justice Lacombe's two express-wagons (forgotten during fifteen months after the rendering of the opinion which referred to them) were revived to frighten the stock market of February, 1910, there was a similar group to cry out that no corporation, and no partnership, could escape prosecution under the law of 1890. But all that seems now as far away as the "Prosperity Leagues" and "Reëmployment Days" of 1908. None of it, even at the time, expressed the general sentiment of serious men, either in or out of Wall Street. Even the Stock Exchange grew somewhat sheepish afterward about its indulgence in such absurdities, and it gives the reader a curious feeling when he sees the same things in sober print to-day.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Allin, C. D., and Jones, G. M. Annexation, Preferential Trade, and Reciprocity. Toronto: Musson Book Co. $2.50 net.

Brown, E. C. The So-and-So Family. Dutton. $1.25.

Bushby, Frances. Three Men of the Tudor Time. London: David Nutt.

Clark, L. D. The Law of the Employment of Labor. Macmillan. $1.60 net.

Coutts, Francis. Psyche. Lane. $1.25 net.

Davis, Horace. The Public Ministry of Jesus. Boston: American Unitarian Assn. 50 cents net.

Envelope Series: How They Came to Bethlehem, by D. De F. Burrell; The Centurion's Story, by D. J. Burrell; Beulah-Land, by T. L. Cuyler; The Man Who Pointed the Prodigal Home, by C. A. S. Dwight; The Life Beautiful, by W. Hoyt; On the Threshold of the Year, and Valley and Mountain Top, by M. E. Sangster; The Daily Walk, by A. Smellie; The House of Chimham, and The Land of Far Distances, by E. W. Work; A Christmas Vision, by M. B. Wyllys. American Tract Society. 15 cents net, each.

Fisher, S. G. The True Daniel Webster. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $2 net.

Gracie, Archibald. The Truth About Chickamauga. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $4 net.

Hengler, Florence. Little Miss Daphne, and Other Tales. The Bookery.

Janis, Elsie. A Star for a Night. William Rickey & Co. $1 net.

Lear. Later Letters of Edward Lear. Edited by Lady Strachey. Duffield. $3.50 net.

Merington, M. Picture Plays. Duffield. $1.25 net.

Mills, J. T. The Great Days of Northumbria: Three Lectures. Longmans.

Mitra, S. M. Life and Letters of Sir John Hall. Longmans.

Moses, M. J. Maurice Maeterlinck: A Study. Duffield. $1.25 net.

Oman, Charles. History of the Peninsular War. Vol IV, 1810-1811. Frowde. $4.75

Phelps, E. B. The Mortality of Alcohol. Thrift Pub. Co. $2.

Phillipps, L. M. Art and Environment. Holt.

Rogers, J. E. Wild Animals Every Child Should Know. Doubleday, Page. $1.20 net.

Royal Historical Society, Transactions. Third series, Vol. V. London: The Society.

Shakespeare. Tudor edition. Henry VI, Part I. Macmillan. 35 cents net.

Smyth, J. K. Religion and Life: A Year Book of Short Sermons. New Church Board of Publication.

Technology and Industrial Efficiency. Papers presented at the Congress of Technology, April, 1911. McGraw-Hill Book Co. $3 net.

Wheeler, C. K. Critique of Pure Kant. Boston: The Arakelyan Press. $1.50 net.

Wiggin, K.D., and Smith, N.A. The Talking Beasts: A Book of Fable Wisdom. Doubleday, Page. $1.25 net.

Wordsworth and Coleridge. Lyrical Ballads, 1798. Edited by H. Littledale. Frowde.

Just Published

S. J. Holmes

EVOLUTION OF ANIMAL INTELLIGENCE

By Professor Holmes, of the University of Wisconsin. With illustrations and charts. 296 pp. 12mo. $2.75 net. By mail $2.90.

A general account of the evolution of animal behavior from the mollusc and crustacean up to apes and monkeys. The critical point of the transition from instinct to intelligence receives special treatment. One of America's leading scientific authors who saw the manuscript before publication writes: "Holmes's is the best of the lot, and on the whole, the most interesting because it gives the most *facts, i. e.,* examples, illustrations, hence animal behavior, incidents, stories, etc. Holmes is immensely well informed."

Lawrence Chamberlain's

PRINCIPLES OF BOND INVESTMENT

600 pp. 8vo. With charts and tables. $5.00 net. By mail $5.20.

A bond specialist of recognized authority presents a comprehensive and careful analysis of all classes of bonds and shows how to estimate their value. Each chapter has had the careful scrutiny of some specialist distinguished in the particular field under consideration. As a whole it forms a treatise of great value to private investors, bankers, bank clerks, students of political economy and finance, etc.

Henry Holt & Co. 34 West 33d St.

Autograph Letters of Celebrities Bought and Sold. Send for price lists. WALTER R. BENJAMIN, 225 Fifth Av., New York. Pub. "THE COLLECTOR," $1 a yr.

THE BOOK OF BURIED TREASURE

By RALPH D. PAINE

This absorbing book, the outgrowth of travel and research, tells the facts regarding great treasure hoards known to have been lost or buried, their whereabouts, and the pirates or others who lost or hid them. It tells also of the results of present-day treasure-seeking. Entertaining as fiction—and true. (*Crown 8vo. Copious illustrations.* $2.50 *net; postpaid,* $2.72.)

GOOD CHEER

The Romance of Food and Feasting

By F. W. HACKWOOD

Author of "Inns, Ales and Drinking Customs," etc.

A diverting holiday book presenting its subject from the historic and picturesque sides. Roman banquets, royal feasting, baronial profusion, cooks and epicures, the aesthetics of dining, diet, etc., etc., are among the subjects treated. (*Demy 8vo. Color frontispiece and 24 illustrations.* $2.50 *net; postpaid,* $2.72.)

STURGIS & WALTON CO.

31-33 East 27th St., New York

Studies in History, Economics and Public Law

Edited by the Faculty of Political Science of Columbia University.

THE BRITISH CONSULS IN THE CONFEDERACY. By MILLEDGE L. BONHAM, Jr., Ph.D. 8vo. *Paper covers,* $2.00.*

THE ECONOMIC PRINCIPLES OF CONFUCIUS AND HIS SCHOOL. By CHEN HUAN-CHANG, Ph.D. 2 *vols., pp.* 745. *Cloth,* $6.00;* *paper covers,* $5.00.*

LONGMANS, GREEN, & CO., NEW YORK

Star Lore of All Ages

A Collection of Myths, Legends and Facts Concerning the Constellations of the Northern Hemisphere

By William Tyler Olcott

With 164 illustrations and diagrams. $3.50 *net.*

An extremely interesting book on popular astronomy. . . . It describes the constellations and shows how they may be found in the heavens, tells when names were first given them, with the legends attached to these, and the superstitions and the literary associations connected with each constellation. . . . A very handsome volume."—*New York Sun.*

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, NEW YORK & LONDON

A NEW WRITER OF POWER

Victor L. Whitechurch

AUTHOR OF

CONCERNING HIMSELF. A strong autobiographical novel which makes the hero a lifelong friend to the reader. 12mo. 380 pages. Net $1.25; postage, 12 cents.

THE CANON IN RESIDENCE. This novel of life in a Cathedral town will recall Trollope's Barchester series, and will satisfy discriminating readers. 12mo. 247 pages. $1.20 net; postage, 10 cents.

The Baker & Taylor Co., 33 E. 17th St., N.Y.

Read **L. M. MONTGOMERY'S** VOLUME OF DELIGHT

THE STORY GIRL

By the author of **"ANNE OF GREEN GABLES," Etc.**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

An ideal holiday gift for students, professional men and every thoughtful person interested in public affairs

SEVEN GREAT STATESMEN

In the Warfare of Humanity with Unreason

By ANDREW D. WHITE

LL.D., L.H.D., PH.D., D.C.L.

Member of the Royal Academy of Sciences, Berlin. Late President and Professor of History at Cornell University.

"Seven brilliant monographs in which are set forth in most engaging style the social, political, and religious conditions of the times, of the men treated and of the influences such men had upon such times. It is true that they are but sections of history, but they are most illuminating—beacon lights by which the student may not only learn what to read of the great struggle begun in the sixteenth century, through which men have come into the light and liberty of the twentieth century, but how to read it.

"No better preparation for an earnest study of the history of the past 400 years of Continental Europe could be engaged in than the reading of these intensely interesting monographs.

"In their breadth and scope, in the rapid survey of contemporaneous conditions, in the wealth of knowledge of the times considered and of cognate subjects, there is much in these monographs to recall that prince of the monographic art —Macaulay and his Essays. . . . There are to be found such simplicity and lucidity of style, such subtle analysis so engagingly expressed, that the reader is lured to the turning of the next leaf and to continue to do so until the end of the division is reached.

"It is a valuable contribution to history."—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

Royal octavo, 552 pages *Price, $2.50 net; postage, 20 cents*

At all booksellers. Published by

THE CENTURY CO.

THIRD EDITION NOW READY

JOHN BROWN: A BIOGRAPHY FIFTY YEARS AFTER

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

Some Tributes to this Remarkable Historical Work

Philadelphia PUBLIC LEDGER. "A tremendous book; more thrilling than any book of fiction, powerful in its appeal, and which, while it is written soberly, as befits history, by the very nature of the narrative, often rises to the highest dramatic level."

THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON. "I can only say after reading from first to last its more than 700 pages that I have never encountered anything this side of Gibbon's 'Rome' which has made me feel more the personal power of a single work."

JOHN T. MORSE, Editor American Statesmen Series, in ATLANTIC MONTHLY. "Perhaps in thus dramatically fashioning his volume, Mr. Villard obeyed an instinct rather than acted upon a preconceived plan; that is often the case with great work, where a writer's feelings are deeply enlisted. Be this as it may, the merit and charm are none the less; he has seized well a splendid opportunity and has written one of the great biographies of our literature."

HORACE WHITE. "In my judgment a contribution to American literature to take rank with the very best historical writing of our time or any time. The only impartial history of the Kansas war."

ST. CLAIR McKELWAY in the Brooklyn EAGLE. "A biography replete with facts and marked by courage and candor, learning and justice."

Portland OREGONIAN. "The most valuable and comprehensive biography issued this season, and the best and most candid estimate of John Brown."

W. E. CONNELLEY in the Topeka CAPITAL. "The unprejudiced student and seeker for truth will herald the book as a great contribution to American history."

Des Moines CAPITAL. "More powerful in its appeal, more dramatic than any book of fiction, is this wonderful biography of John Brown."

The North Carolina REVIEW. "In this biography Mr. Villard has touched high-water mark. The book is a delight to the reader for many reasons. Full of life and movement, . . . written in an attractive and scholarly style, full of sympathy and yet without any loss in accurate presentation, it sets a new standard for biographical efforts."

Baltimore AMERICAN. "While the book has popular features in that it is entrancingly interesting, its scholarship is of the highest order and its style reminds one a little of Anthony Froude. . . . Mr. Villard has illustrated in this book the finest ideals of literary conception and execution."

London TIMES. "It is scarcely likely that any later writer will be able either to add anything of importance to Mr. Villard's collection of material or to better his interpretation of the whole story. . . . It at once becomes the standard, and probably the final authority on its theme."

Washington (D. C.) STAR. "Mr. Villard draws a compact, vivid, historic picture of the terrible focussing of this period upon our Civil War. Straight and clear in its literary way, this biography is a marvel of research and fair-mindedness."

HENRY WATTERSON in Louisville COURIER-JOURNAL "No fault may justly be found with Mr. Villard's telling of the story. It is minute and lucid, altogether fair and unvarnished."

Burlington (Iowa) HAWKEYE. "It is a book which will take a place in the library of every well established home in this part of the country."

First Edition, October 1st; Second Edition, November 21st; Third Edition, March 1st

Fully illustrated with portraits and other illustrations. With copious notes and bibliography. $5.00 net. Postage 26 cents.

Boston HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY New York

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED